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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®
2nd Edition

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SPINN JAMMER®

Official Game Accessory

GREYSPACE
by Nigel Findley





GREYSPACE

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CREDITS

Author: Nigel D. Findley
Development: Timothy B. Brown
Editor: Elizabeth T. Danforth
Cover Artist: Tom Baxa
Cartographer: John Knecht
Interior Art: David O. Miller
Typography: Tracey Zamagne
Keylining: Dawn Murin

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TSR Ltd.
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 United Kingdom

Introduction

The SPELLJAMMER® campaign setting has created a needed connection between the different worlds of the known universe (Oerth, Toril, and Krynn), with the personal campaign worlds of everyone playing the AD&D® role-playing game. The intrigue and freshness of this new campaign setting assures its continued survival. As *Realmspace* did for the FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign world, *Greyspace* opens up the GREYHAWK® campaign environment to visitors from other crystal spheres and to explorers from the world of Oerth.

Although Oerth is the dominant world in Greyspace, it is definitely not the only cradle of life in the system. Worlds such as Kule, Raenei, and Edill, among many others, have their own native life forms and civilizations. Each has its own secrets, its treasures, and its dangers to entice and threaten doughty explorers courageous enough to brave the perils of wildspace.

This book details the races that live on the various astronomical bodies: the dragons of Edill, the undead of Gnibile, the humanoids of Borka, and others. It describes their civilizations and societies, their philosophies and views of the universe around them, and their relationships to the other inhabitants of the Greyspace system.

Kule is a Voidworld, rarely visited by spacefarers. Yet, at one time, it was home to an unknown, highly civilized race long since vanished from the crystal sphere.

Liga, "the sun," is a fire world, its temperature moderated by strange connections with the Elemental Plane of Water. It is home to various fire-dwelling creatures, including an outpost of efreet who have recently discovered spelljamming technology.

Borka is the shattered remnant of a humanoid-inhabited world, destroyed in the first Unhuman War by the elves. Although the elves think that the threat Borka once represented has ended, they could hardly be more wrong.

The planetary denizens of Greyspace are not the only challenges that the sphere offers to brave adventurers. There are many spacefarers in addition to player character explorers: spacefaring companies

and trading costers, adventuring groups, explorers' societies, and interplanetary pirates. Further, the crystal sphere is home to monsters totally unlike those encountered anywhere else—the porton, the skykine, and the dreaded horg.

As spacefaring mages have come to learn, the physical manifestations of magic often differ between crystal spheres. Thus, Greyspace is the source of several magical items that are only slowly disseminating throughout the rest of the known universe.

Religions, and the relationships between the deities and their mortal followers, also differ widely between crystal spheres. The section beginning on page 89 describes the various religions that exist within Greyspace, and discusses the history of the deities most commonly associated with Oerth.

And finally, *Greyspace* provides its share of adventuring ideas—"story seeds" to stimulate the DM's imagination.

There is much to learn in Greyspace—much treasure to amass and much evil to oppose. Sail on, and may the winds of wildspace always be at your backs!



**"If the universe is a wilderness as many say,
then Greyspace is an oasis."**

**excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot**

Sphere Overview

The sphere known as Greyspace is one of the largest crystal spheres yet discovered—a staggering *16,000 million miles* (16 *billion* miles) in diameter. Many centuries ago, explorers and astronomers discovered the relationship between the size of a crystal sphere and the sizes of the orbits of the planets within its system. The sphere always has a diameter exactly twice that of the orbit of the major planet furthest from the system's primary. (In most systems, this primary is the system's dominant fire body, i.e. "the sun." As will be discussed later, in the case of Greyspace, the primary is the earth body known as Oerth.) The outermost major planet in Greyspace is the Spectre, which has an orbital radius of 4,000 million miles (i.e., it is 4,000 million miles from the primary). This gives the Spectre an orbital *diameter* of 8,000 million miles, meaning that the shell itself has a diameter of twice that distance.

Nobody knows for sure just why this relationship holds. Many theories have been put forward: some logical and supported by arcane mathematical computations, and others whimsical, supported by emotion more than calculation; still others make no sense whatsoever to anyone but the theorist proposing them. As is so often the case, reality seems to have little truck with theory. No matter what the reason, this relationship has been proven in every crystal sphere yet discovered, and no spacefarer really expects to find a counterexample.

The Spectre's orbit is perfectly circular, which means the distance, and thus the travel time, between it and Oerth never changes. At top spelljamming speed, it takes 40 days to travel from Oerth to the Spectre. This means that the voyage from Oerth to the boundary of the crystal sphere itself takes 80 days, and the journey from one side of the crystal sphere to the diametrically opposite side takes 160 days.

It is important to point out that the "double diameter" relationship refers only to "major" planets. In Greyspace, as in many other crystal spheres, there are other astronomical objects beyond the most distant "major" planet—comets, asteroids, and other such denizens of the dark. Some

of these orbit (if, in fact, they *do* orbit) relatively close to the crystal sphere itself. A minority of these "planetoids" and "planetesimals"—to use two terms in technical parlance—are relatively large. This leads to arguments among sages over exactly *what* is a "major" planet and what is not. If the definition is broadened to include some of the larger comets, etc., then the "double diameter" relationship breaks down. Certain of the more cynical sages have thus come to define a "major" planet as any world that causes the "double diameter" relationship to remain true.

As stated earlier, Greyspace is a geocentric system. That is, the system's central point or *primary*, around which all major bodies orbit, is occupied by an earth world. This sets Greyspace apart from the vast majority of other crystal spheres, which have fire bodies—suns—as their primaries. In the Greyspace system, the dominant fire body is the world known as Liga. It is the third most distant planetary body from Oerth, after Kule and Raenei.

The distinction between major planets and minor planets, or moons, raises its ugly head again with respect to Kule and Raenei. In the Greyspace system, *every* planetary body orbits around Oerth, and so—by strict reading of the definition—are all moons. This position leads to the patently ridiculous result that several of Oerth's moons are actually several times the size of the planet they orbit. To avoid this, most sages of Oerth classify only Raenei and Kule as moons, basing this on their proximity to the primary and on their size. (Some sages, of course, argue this is mere sophistry, whether basing their refutations on complex logical argument or on simple stubbornness.)

To anyone approaching Greyspace's crystal sphere, the surface of the sphere appears utterly flat. This is a consequence of the sphere's great size. In any sense that is meaningful to normal mortal creatures, any region of the sphere can be considered to be flat. The curvature is simply too infinitesimal to make any meaningful difference.

The outside surface of the sphere is highly reflective. On close inspection, it has the same appearance

"It takes a wise man to realize how little he knows."

Pelanor's Axiom

Sphere Overview

as perfectly-polished steel. It is *not* steel, of course, or any other kind of metal. It cannot be scratched or dented, it has zero electrical conductivity, and it is a perfect superconductor of heat. (This means it is totally impossible to melt the surface of the sphere. Any heat applied to one point is instantaneously conducted throughout the massive volume of the sphere, so that all points on its surface maintain exactly the same temperature. If there were some way of pouring intense energy into the sphere, its entire surface would rise in temperature until it glowed cherry red. Considering its volume, however, there is probably not enough free energy in the entire universe to achieve this.)

From a distance, the surface takes on a shifting, iridescent quality reminiscent of mother-of-pearl. Its silver sheen appears to be shot through with streaks and whorls of subtle pinks and blues. Travelers through the Phlogiston have frequently reported their absolute amazement on first seeing Greyspace, hanging like a massive pearl in the turbulent colors of the Flow.

The inside surface of the sphere is very different. It is as smooth as the exterior, with no ripples or unevenness that can be detected by even the most precise measurements. It is black, however, and totally nonreflective. It seems to absorb all light that falls on it. It has no texture, and no discernible temperature, that is, it feels neither warm nor cold to the touch. In fact, it does not seem to register to the sense of touch other than as a boundary. Someone trying to touch it feels *something* stopping his hand from moving any further, but this sensation is registered by the muscles. The actual tactile nerves do not register the contact at all. This has lead some sages to speculate that it is, in fact, truly impossible to actually touch the inside of Greyspace's crystal sphere. There is some force—magical or physical—that prevents such contact. Certain experimenters, using cunning arrangements of mirrors and lights, claim to have shown that there is always a hair-thin gap between the sphere and any object that is or seems to be touching it.

The stars that can be seen from the surface of the

planets and from wildspace are actually huge, glowing, multifaceted jewels embedded somehow in the material of the sphere. To be seen from the surface of Oerth, eight billion miles distant, it would seem that these gems would either have to be incredibly massive, hundreds or thousands of miles across, or incredibly bright. Neither seems to be the case. The largest of the star-gems are 10 to 20 miles across, while the majority are smaller in dimension than one mile. Some are as (relatively) tiny as a few hundred feet across.

Neither are they overly bright. They are dazzling when approached, to be sure, and cast deep shadows across the deck of any spelljamming vessel that approaches within a few thousand miles. But they pose no threat to unprotected vision. Staring at a star-gem from a distance of 1,000 miles is less painful than looking into the disk of Oerth's sun from the lands of the Flanaess. Predictably, there are many competing theories struggling to explain how the star-gems are still visible from a distance of billions of miles.

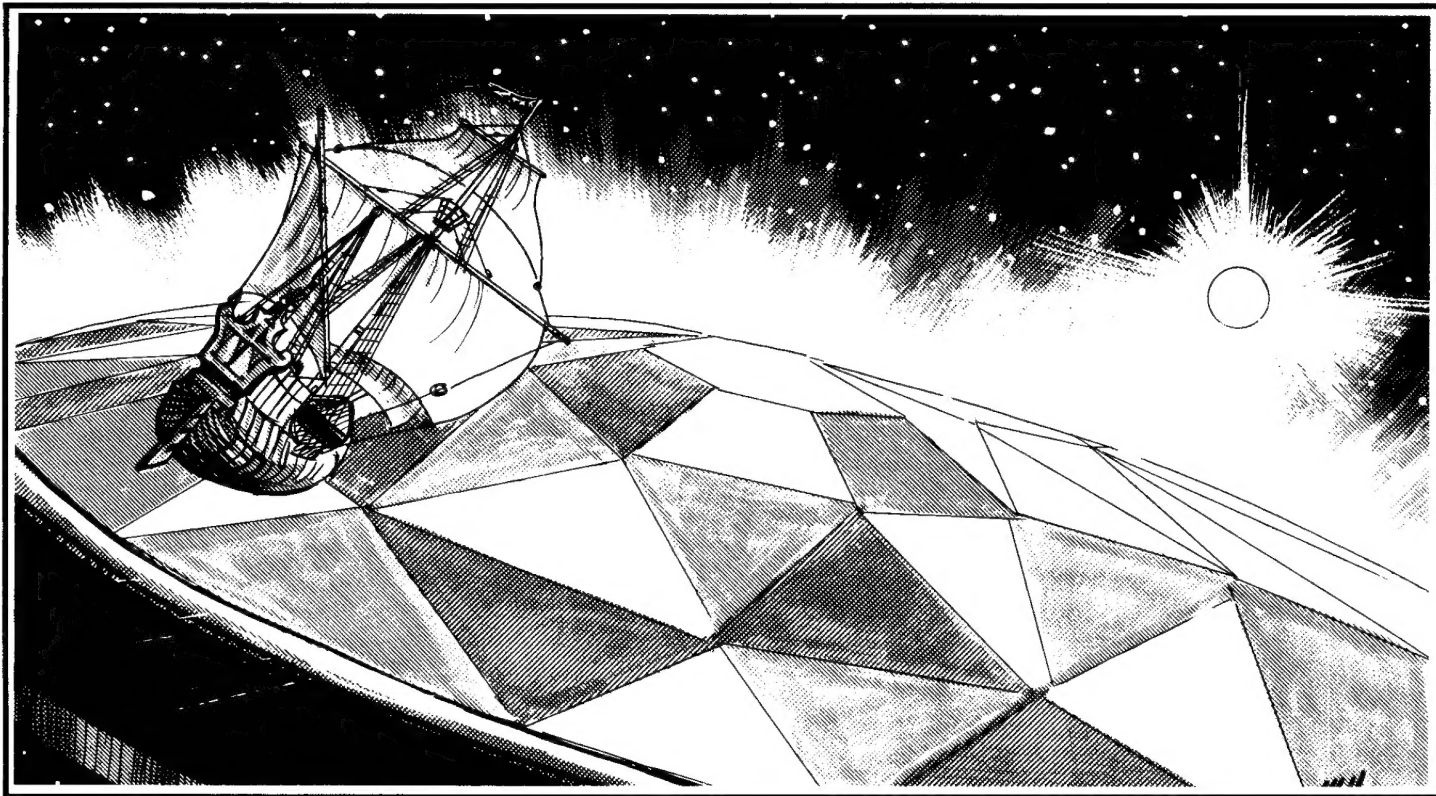
The energy source that drives the star-gems' light remains a mystery. Presumably, there must be some connection between the jewels and some high-energy plane—possibly the plane of Radiance, the plane of Elemental Fire, or possibly even the Positive Material plane itself. Perhaps at the heart of each star-gem, deep in its crystal lattice, is a gate to this other plane, whichever one it may be. Or, perhaps the source is something very different—an energetic chemical or magical-chemical reaction in the heart of the gem. Salamanken, a noted sage from the Flanaess, holds that the star-gems are actually composed of material quarried by the gods from the Positive Material plane itself, and that their glow is simply intrinsic to their nature. Nobody knows for sure.

What is known is that the star-gems of Greyspace do not pour heat into wildspace around them nor, apparently, into the crystal sphere itself. If precautions are taken against the light, an unshielded human can approach within 100 feet of a star-gem without feeling any increase in temperature. The 100-foot limit represents some kind of boundary, however. The

"To the pearl without price, and a safe berthing."

Greyspace starfarers' toast

Sphere Overview



temperature *within* this boundary is several thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The boundary has no physical presence; it cannot be felt or otherwise detected. An explorer can walk right through it without knowing it is there and be instantaneously cremated by the massive heat of the star-gem. Any character who breaks this boundary must make a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon, with a -3 penalty, or be vaporized instantly. If the character saves successfully, he still suffers 4d10 hit points of damage for each round he stays within 100 feet of the gem. A brave or foolhardy character who actually *touches* a star-gem must make another successful save vs. breath weapons, this time at -5, or be vaporized instantly. Even on a successful save, the character suffers 6d10 hit points of damage from the contact. No magical protection (a *ring of fire resistance*, for example) miti-

gates the damage within the 100 foot boundary.

The heat is enough to ignite or melt any non-magical material that passes within the boundary. Magical items receive a saving throw vs. breath weapon, at -5, *each round* they are within 100 feet of a star-gem. A failure means the item is totally destroyed.

Star-gems have no gravitational field; neither does the shell itself.

The star-gems are arranged in complex patterns. When viewed from a distance, the pattern appears to be right on the boundary between order and chaos. Observers usually have the sensation that there is a pattern, but one just slightly too subtle to grasp and understand. Certain sages claim that the distribution of star-gems follows complex mathematical formulae. Each sage who holds this view believes these for-

"Distance lends perspective in all things."

excerpt from *Loremasters of the Void*
by Zaryn Fallowfield

Sphere Overview

mulae take different forms, however, so the whole concept may well be meaningless.

Spontaneous gates and portals sometimes open in the crystal sphere, giving access to and from the Flow that surrounds Greyspace. Most of these portals are small—tens of feet across, and rarely larger than 100 feet in diameter. They are always perfectly circular. Rarely, a truly massive portal opens, up to several miles in diameter. These “major portals” are exceedingly rare, however, occurring on the order of once every five years or so. Spontaneous portals are much more uncommon in Greyspace than they are in Realm-space. In the latter sphere, there are thought to be 3,200 spontaneous portals in existence at any given moment. In Greyspace, in contrast, there are probably fewer than two dozen portals open simultaneously. (Considering the vast surface area of Greyspace’s crystal sphere— 8.04×10^{20} square miles (over 8 hundred million million million square miles)—this means that spontaneous gates are exceedingly difficult to find.

The frequency of spontaneous gates seems to follow an 11-year cycle. Every 11 years, for a period of two months, the number of spontaneous gates increases by a factor of ten. This still increases the number of simultaneously open gates to fewer than 250, however, so they remain very rare. In Greyspace, spontaneous gates remain open for up to half a day (2d6 hours). There are apocryphal stories that tell of spelljamming vessels smashed to flinders when spontaneous portals closed on them, but these tales have never been substantiated.

Spontaneous gates always open *between* star-gems. Various sages posit dire consequences if a portal should open superimposed over a star-gem—predictions ranging from a massive explosion to the destruction of the entire crystal sphere—but since this has never happened, the discussion remains meaningless.

Greyspace is thought to be a younger sphere than Realm-space. This is, sages believe, the reason why wildspace within the Greyspace sphere is cooler than that within Realm-space. It is nowhere near as cold as Krynn-space, however. The temperature throughout

Greyspace is relatively constant, except very close to Liga. It is an unchanging 40°F to 45°F—chilly, but far from unbearable. Travelers would be well advised to dress for the temperature, of course. Even though it is not cold enough to cause physical damage or pain, prolonged exposure can drain energy from even the doughtiest explorer.

Most of the major planets in the Greyspace system orbit in exactly the same plane. The only two exceptions are Ginsel and the Spectre, both of which are inclined a couple of degrees to the ecliptic. This makes eclipses (in the cases of Kule and Raenei) and occultations or conjunctions (in the cases of the other planets) relatively common occurrences. Before the denizens of Oerth understood the true nature of their solar system, various schools of astrology sprang up, using arcane mathematics and even more *outré* theories to extract omens and predictions from the interactions of the heavenly bodies. Even after the true nature of the solar system became widely known, many of the more superstitious and gullible still clung to the old astrological ideas, consulting ludicrously complex charts for portents.

In most other crystal spheres, the length of a planet’s year can be calculated exactly based on its distance from the sphere’s primary. Such is not the case in Greyspace, unfortunately. For major planets, the length of year increases the further the planet is from Oerth; however, it does so in an unpredictable manner. Furthermore, there are certain minor astronomical bodies (description begins on page 71) that disobey even this vague “law”: some cometlike bodies that orbit in the dark spaces beyond the Spectre have years shorter than planets much closer to Oerth. Nobody has yet explained quite why this is. It does seem to imply that Greyspace is a highly unusual system, and that supposedly universal physical laws break down within Oerth’s crystal sphere. Wise starfarers keep this in mind and take precautions accordingly. If such a common relationship as the one between orbital radius and year length breaks down in Greyspace, what other universal laws might no longer hold?

“Absence makes the heart grow indifferent.”

Horten’s Law

Oerth

Planet Name:	Oerth
Planet Type:	Spherical earth body
Planet Size:	E
Escape Time:	4 turns
Satellites:	2 (Kule and Raenei, discussed in their own sections)
Day Length:	24 hours
Year Length:	365 days*
Population Analysis:	Human and humanoid races most prevalent

* This is due to Liga's rotation around Oerth, and not vice versa.

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Kule	10 million miles	(2 hours)
Raenei	30 million miles	(7 hours)
Liga	100 million miles	(1 day)
The Grinder	200 million miles	(2 days)
Edill	400 million miles	(4 days)
Gnibile	600 million miles	(6 days)
Conatha	1,000 million miles	(10 days)
Ginsel	1,500 million miles	(15 days)
Borka	2,000 million miles	(20 days)
Greela	3,000 million miles	(30 days)
The Spectre	4,000 million miles	(40 days)

Oerth is the center of the Greyspace system, both geometrically and sociologically. As the primary, every other celestial body in the system orbits around it, including Liga, "the sun."

From space, Oerth is a placid-looking blue-white world, beautiful and delicate. At a distance, it is difficult to distinguish between land and sea. The entire surface of the planet takes on a bluish cast, due to the large oceans. Clouds create sweeping, swirling patterns of white, punctuated here and there by circular funnel-storms. Closer in, it is possible to make out the landmasses, see forests and deserts, and spot the major mountain ranges. So far, human and humanoid civilizations on Oerth have been unable to change their environment extensively enough for their presence to be seen from space. (For comparison, on the world of

Toril in Realspace, the only manmade structure visible from space is the Dragonwall.)

The geocentric nature of Greyspace reinforces the very natural sense of superiority displayed by many Oerth natives. Historically, all primitive cultures believe that their town, then their country, and eventually their world, is the center of the universe. As they become more sophisticated, most cultures learn the fallacy of this view. In the case of Oerth, however, reality has actually reinforced their worldview. Oerth is the center of the Greyspace system, and everything else revolves around that world, physically and figuratively.

Ports of Call: The existence of spelljamming technology is fairly common knowledge on Oerth—most people realize that there are other crystal spheres, and that people very much like themselves travel the measureless void above their heads. Oerth natives accept this fact, but largely ignore it. Spelljamming is little different from sailing the oceans of their own world, they believe; only the distances are greater. Very few people think too long or too hard about transoceanic travel unless their business and livelihood depends on it, of course. Why should they waste any more effort thinking about space travel? The general attitude of most Oerth natives to the idea of starfaring can be encapsulated as, "So?"

For various reasons, the natives of Oerth are quite provincial and insular in that they have a natural distrust of strangers. Someone from another city or country—or another world—is a stranger, an outsider. Details as to where the stranger actually came from runs a very distant second in importance to the very fact that he or she is a stranger.

Nevertheless, there are several cities on Oerth that enjoy some level of regular spelljamming traffic. These are the port cities that have a high enough volume of commerce to make it worthwhile for spacefarers to land and trade. The city with the largest volume of spelljammer trade by far is the Free City of Greyhawk, after which the entire crystal sphere is named. The "Gem of the Flanaess" has no facilities specifically designed for spelljamming vessels, oth-

"Luxuries are the best trade goods. If you don't supply people with necessities, they die—not good business. If you don't supply people with luxuries, they offer you more money."

from a conversation with Varothian Langost, Master Trader



er than an area of cleared ground several acres in extent outside the city proper. Most visiting vessels are water-landing craft which put down on the wide, slow-moving Selintan River. These ships then use the same docks and facilities as the river-traders that carry most of the goods purchased and sold within the Free City.

The Free and Independent City of Dyvers also enjoys considerable spelljamming traffic, but not quite so much as Greyhawk itself. At Dyvers, no specific provisions have been made for ground-landing vessels. This does not mean that none visit the city, of course, just that captains must be careful to pick a safe spot to land. The freehold farmers whose allotments surround the city are notorious for levying their own "landing fees" and "trade taxes" on vessels that put down on their land. Most spelljamming visitors to Dyvers prefer to land in the wide mouth of the

Velverdyva River and tie up at the city's wharves.

The third most important spelljamming port is Irongate. Unlike the other two cities, it has no facilities for water-landing vessels. Ground-landing vessels usually put down on the great roads that lead into the city from the west and east. In the other ports, visitors can find shipbuilders and chandlers capable of repairing minor damage to their crafts. Being landlocked, Irongate has no such artisans, so spacefarers are on their own when making repairs.

Spelljammers sometimes visit other cities and locales on Oerth, but the total volume of this peripheral traffic is less than the activity enjoyed by Irongate alone. Vessels from the humanoid settlements of Borka are thought to trade occasionally with Dorakaa, capital of the Land of Iuz, while the Elven Imperial Fleet sometimes sends vessels to the elves of Highfolk.

"Natives of Oerth believe the universe revolves around them. The fact that they're correct only makes them more insufferable."

**excerpt from *Loremasters of the Void*
by Zaryn Fallowfield**

Oerth

Resources/Trade: Compared to land and sea trade, interplanetary trade is very expensive and very limited. There are hundreds of times more sea- or river-going merchant ships than there are spelljamming merchant vessels, and even more land caravans. When compared to the vast volume of trade goods that can be moved by sea and land, the volume represented by spelljamming traffic is small indeed.

Spacefarers usually concentrate on goods that are unavailable at the other end of their trade route. For example, the asteroid settlements in the Grinder require wood to build houses and spelljamming vessels. Since no trees grow on most of the asteroids, they must import it. These goods must be absolutely essential, of course: if a settlement elsewhere in

Greyspace *can* do without a certain type of item, it *will* do without it rather than pay the shipping costs to import it. (Many settlements elsewhere in Greyspace avoid imported goods also because becoming dependent on them would make them dependent on the *source* of those goods as well.)

The ideal trade good has a high value for its volume and weight, like gems. Greyhawk and Irongate both export gems and realize very high revenue from this trade.

Government/Lifestyle: There are by far too many distinct nations and city-states on Oerth to detail here. Readers are referred to the *WORLD OF GREYHAWK®* boxed set and to the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* hardcover for more details.



Kule

PLANET NAME:	Kule ("Celene" or "The Handmaiden")
PLANET TYPE:	Spherical earth body
PLANET SIZE:	B
ESCAPE TIME:	2 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	91 days (1/4 year)
YEAR LENGTH:	91 days (1/4 year)
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Humans and humanoids (surface); mind flayers, drow, kuo-toa (underground)

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	10 million miles (2 hours)
Raenei	21-38 million miles (5-9 hours)
Liga	91-110 million miles (22 hours-1.1 days)
The Grinder	190-210 million miles (1.9-2.1 days)
Edill	390-410 million miles (3.9-4.1 days)
Gnibile	590-610 million miles (5.9-6.1 days)
Conatha	990-1,010 million miles (9.9-10.1 days)
Ginsel	1,490-1,510 million miles (14.9-15.1 days)
Borka	1,990-2,010 million miles (19.9-20.1 days)
Greela	29,990-3,010 million miles (29.9-30.1 days)
The Spectre	3,990-4,010 million miles (39.9-40.1 days)

Also known as Celene, Kule is the smallest and closest of Oerth's two moons. Since it orbits in exactly the same plane as the fire body Liga, and is closer to Oerth than is the "sun," Kule causes regular eclipses, totally occulting the disk of Liga when viewed from Oerth's surface. It is interesting to note that the com-

bination of Kule's size and distance from Oerth makes its apparent size in the sky exactly the same as that of Liga. Thus, when the planet occults the sun, the eclipse is total, presenting a spectacular view of the fire body's lacy, glowing "corona." (Most spacefarers refer to this corona as "Liga's veil." It is considered a good omen, and various superstitions claim that wishes made on Liga's veil will come true.)

Kule is close enough to the surface of Oerth to show surface details. Visible features include large craters, many with extending "ray" structures and some with central mountain peaks, a handful of extinct volcanos, and one large dry seabed in the moon's upper righthand quadrant. The moon is "tidally locked" with its primary; this means that its *day*—the time it takes to rotate on its own axis—and its *year*—the time it takes to orbit Oerth—are identical. This in turn means that Kule always keeps one face pointing toward Oerth.

Because both Kule and Liga orbit around Oerth, the moon's phases are more complex than those shown by moons in systems where the sun is the primary. Nevertheless, Kule does show phases. It appears full every 91 days, or four times per year. Only during the ten-day period surrounding full moon is Kule visible during the day. Most cultural traditions attach great significance to these periods of daytime visibility, and many of the lands of Oerth schedule festivals and ceremonies to coincide with them.

Until spelljamming technology became accessible, astronomers assumed that both hemispheres of Kule were geographically and geologically very similar. (The "Nearside" hemisphere faces Oerth, and "Farside," the other way.) This proved not to be the case. Nearside sported more mountain ranges and volcanoes, while Farside turned out to be a mish-mash of thousands of overlapping craters. Some sages speculate that the craters are the result of a great storm of asteroids that scourged the inner planets millennia ago. Farside bore the brunt of the assault because Oerth itself, and its atmosphere, at least partially shielded Nearside. (Opponents of this theory gleefully ask, "Where are the asteroids now?", to which the theory's supporters can only

"To see the future of Oerth, visit Kule."

excerpt from *Devolution* by Markam the Younger

Kule

shrug eloquently.)

Kule is a voidworld; that is, a planet with absolutely no atmosphere. It must have had an atmosphere at one time, but over the centuries the air seems to have "outgassed" into space. This process might have been helped along by some great cataclysm that took place on the planet. Whether or not the asteroid strikes were part of this catastrophe is as yet unknown. Today, visitors to Kule must make provisions to supply their own air, or to negate the necessity magically. Some sages believe that there is a huge pocket of "fossil air" trapped at the very center of the planet, but this has yet to be demonstrated.

Temperature on the surface of Kule varies widely: over 100°F at noon, dropping to -85°F or even colder at night. There is no weather, since there is no atmosphere.

When viewed from the surface of Oerth, Kule takes on a faint aquamarine hue. From space, in contrast, without the intervening atmosphere, its color is an even brighter and richer blue. The rays thrown out from the larger craters are lighter blue, or even white.

The surface has very much the consistency and texture of coal.

At one time in the distant past, Kule was home to a very sophisticated civilization. Great complexes of deserted buildings on the airless world prove this beyond a shadow of a doubt. To this day, nobody knows what race constructed the delicate towers, the awe-inspiring castles, the enigmatic temple-like structures. From such details as staircase design, door size, and sanitary arrangements, it can be concluded that the builders were almost human in size and form. It seems unlikely that they were human, however; according to magical assays, the ruins were deserted several million years before the first human walked the surface of Oerth.

Magic has been remarkably limited in its ability to reveal information about the builders of the ruined cities. Neither wizards nor priests have been able to magically reveal what the builders looked like, or why they left Kule so long ago. Even powerful magics like *wishes* fail. The gods, too, have nothing to

say on the matter, although they presumably must know.

Ruins of seven cities have been found, along with various smaller outposts. Each of these cities must, during its heyday, have had a population of several hundred thousand. One of the more fascinating mysteries of Kule is that explorers have not found a single body in any of the cities. Not only did the builders not inter or preserve the bodies of their dead in any way, they also left none behind when they vanished from the world. Most sages take this as evidence that the builders left Kule voluntarily, in some kind of great racial migration—perhaps through space, or perhaps via some form of dimensional travel. It is close to inconceivable that any force could kill an entire race, particularly one as advanced as the builders, and destroy more than a million bodies without a trace.

Most of the deserted cities on Nearside lie in ruins, as though they had been laid waste by great destructive forces. So far it has been impossible to tell whether they were devastated before or after the occupants vanished. Paradoxically, the cities on Farside (the hemisphere that was pummeled by asteroid strikes) have fared a lot better. They are largely undamaged, untouched in their eternal and delicate beauty.

There are no indications that magical precautions of any kind protected the cities from vacuum. This implies that Kule lost its air and became a Voidworld only after the disappearance of the builders.

It is important to note that the asteroid strikes that churned up Farside must have occurred long before the cities were built. Two distinct cities perch in the peaks that mark the centers of two large craters. Thus, any attempt to link the asteroid strikes with the destruction of the Nearside cities and the disappearance of the builders comes to nothing.

Although Kule was apparently geologically active in the distant past, as indicated by the extinct volcanos, it is now cold and dead. It has no magnetic field whatsoever, which makes navigation by compass impossible. The thick, cold crust is riddled with tunnels, caves, caverns, and even subterranean lakes.

"No civilization—no society—is immortal. Elves and humans alike would do well to remember that, a thought to temper our arrogance."

excerpt from *Reflections on a Hostile Universe*
by Taengelen Elderbower

Kule

Many of these structures are filled with air, their current inhabitants sealing their entrances with cunning air locks. Some caverns, particularly those that are very deep and isolated, are in a vacuum. These "voidspaces" pose significant risks to underground explorers and excavators.

Some of the underground chambers are natural—lava tubes and such things. Others were apparently excavated by the builders of the cities above. These chambers and tunnels show evidence of such advanced stoneworking techniques that even dwarven mastercraftsmen are unable to replicate the work.

The network of tunnels and caverns has been extended by the current occupants of the underground, however. There are three main races that occupy these chambers: drow, kuo-toa and mind flayers (illithids). The drow are the most populous of the three, and represent the most dynamic and aggressive, and *dangerous* society. There are some 20,000 drow beneath the surface of Kule, 15,000 illithids, and perhaps 5,000 kuo-toa. Other subterranean races also dwell on or *in* Kule, but their populations are generally considered too low to worry about.

Ports of Call: There are no functioning spelljamming ports on the surface of Kule. All of the intact cities on Farside boast what must have been magically-suspended "skydocks" for spelljamming vessels. The magic that supported them has long faded, however. As on any Voidworld, there is no liquid water (or liquid anything) on the surface. This makes it impossible to land vessels like *Hammer-ships*, which can only make water landings.

The drow city of *Urrq'azzt*, which means "Distant Home" in an ancient drow dialect, is constructed within a large extinct volcano on Nearside. This volcano is identified on human charts as Mount Forlorn, but it is known to the drow as *Albest'ar* ("Hole in the Sky"). It lies on Kule's equator, almost in the center of the hemisphere that faces Oerth. The drow have constructed an elaborate "spaceport" within the cone of *Albest'ar*, where the rim of the crater shields the drow workers from the sunlight they so loathe.

The crater itself is filled almost to the rim with air, a great lake of breathable atmosphere. On the crater floor are landing flats large enough to accommodate vessels up to 250 feet in length.

From the spaceport, tunnels lead down to the great caverns in which lies the city of *Urrq'azzt*. It is a large city, the home of all drow on Kule. Designed with an austere, almost cruel beauty, it perfectly encapsulates the racial personality of the dark elves.

The illithids have one large settlement, and dozens of smaller ones. The name of the single large city, rendered into English, is "Sharp Beak." It has a population of almost 10,000. The smaller settlements range in size from more than 1,000 down to fewer than 100 individuals. All but the smallest settlements have their own independent elder-brain. Only Sharp Beak has any kind of provisions for handling spelljamming vessels, and even then these are very rudimentary. There are graded areas on the surface, with tie-downs to which grounded vessels can be secured. Then there are air locks leading to the underground passages. No provisions are made for supplying air to travelers while they walk from their ships to the airlocks; presumably, they have to look after such things themselves.

There are no kuo-toa cities as such, just many small settlements based around clans or extended families. The kuo-toa have little interest in spelljamming and have no ships of their own.

Resources/Trade: Kule has very few natural resources. Because of its geological history, there are almost no deposits of metal ore in the crust; the small world's entire complement of metal is locked up in the core. What metals exist are the lighter elements such as aluminum which, unfortunately, lie combined with other elements in ores that are very difficult to refine. There is little copper, less iron, and no measurable amounts of lead, silver, gold, or platinum. Recurring rumors tell that the drow discovered a motherlode of mithril somewhere on Farside, but these have not been substantiated.

Food is something of a problem for the inhabitants of Kule. The drow have created vast under-

"We set sail upon an invisible ocean, often unmindful of the reefs and shoals that may await us."

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot



ground farms, illuminated and irrigated by magic. The illithids, when they came to Kule several centuries ago, brought with them breeding stocks of kobolds and other small creatures, to provide the mind flayers with a steady diet of brains. Nobody knows exactly how the kuo-toa subsist; presumably, they raid the drow farms and the illithid "brain herds," supplementing that with a little cannibalism from time to time.

No organized trade exists with any of the societies on Kule. The reason is obvious: none produces anything (or, in the case of the drow, *releases* anything) that anyone would want to trade for. It is thought that, over the centuries, the drow have acquired many items of great value, and perhaps of great power, from the deserted cities on the moon's surface. Many trading coasters and adventuring parties have approached the drow in an attempt to purchase

anything of value that the dark elves want to trade. Unfortunately for these entrepreneurs, the drow refuse to let such items out of their possession, usually denying that they found anything in the cities in the first place.

Government/Lifestyle: The drow of Kule have created for themselves a very regimented, conservative society. Like many drow societies, the civilization on Kule is matriarchal, ruled by an Empress-Priestess named Lilith. Beneath the Empress and reporting directly to her are two independent councils: the Council of Advisors and the Council of Priests. Each council comprises 13 members, all drow of aristocratic birth who have proven their wisdom and initiative in private life before being invited to rule the drow nation.

As the names imply, the Council of Advisors is

"The unsteady steps of an infant leaving the cradle for the first time often end with a painful fall."

excerpt from *Reflections on a Hostile Universe*
by Taengelen Elderbower

Kule

more political and military in nature, and definitely secular. Its responsibility is the day-to-day functioning of the city-state, its military and economic security. Serving under the Council of Advisors is the civil police force, the military, and an efficient civil service.

The Council of Priests, in contrast, deals entirely with sacred matters. It comprises the entire upper echelons of Urrq'azzt's church of Lolth. As the Council of Advisors is responsible for the citizens' physical wellbeing, so is the Council of Priests responsible for their *spiritual* health.

This situation means that religion and daily life are so intermingled as to be indistinguishable. Urrq'azzt is almost a theocracy, but not quite, even though Lililth, as Priest-Empress, is the titular head of the church. Because of the secular arm (the Council of Advisors), the government is a lot more realistic and pragmatic than are most theocracies.

Life in Urrq'azzt is strictly regimented and very stratified. Everyone has his or her place in society, his or her own combination of responsibilities and privileges. Status depends on many factors, including but not limited to family, birth order, wealth (whether inherited or otherwise amassed), magical prowess, and station within the religious hierarchy.

The drow of Urrq'azzt are less xenophobic than most other dark elf societies. They consider all non-drow to be inferior, and other races of elf to be beneath contempt. But this sense of superiority rarely manifests itself in violence or repression. ("After all," the Kule drow seem to think, "when one is so obviously superior, why is it necessary to prove it through cruelty?")

Prominent Land Features: The most prominent land features are all on Nearside. The extinct volcano, called by the drow Albest'ar, is actually the second largest volcano in this hemisphere. The largest, marked on most maps as Blackcone Mountain, is near the north pole. It is a massive peak, particularly on such a small world—13,000 feet tall, and many miles wide at the base. It has three distinct craters, none of which is as large as the crater of Albest'ar.

The large dry seabed is known as the Sea of Dust and, from the surface of Oerth, it appears kidney-shaped. It is a lighter grey than the surrounding terrain. The sea basin is of an almost uniform depth, about 100 feet, give or take perhaps 20 feet.

The largest crater visible from Oerth is in the lower righthand quadrant of the moon. Its ray structure of thin white lines diverging from the crater itself covers a full one-fifth of the visible hemisphere.

Important NPCs

Name: Lililth "Darkmane"

Occupation: Empress-Priestess of the Drow

STR: 9

INT: 16

DEX: 15

CHA: 18

WIS: 17

CON: 13

Lililth "Darkmane," so-called because of her thick, black head of hair, is the religious and political leader of the drow nation on Kule. She dwells in the Great Temple that forms the geometric center of the drow underground city of Urrq'azzt.

Lililth is a very attractive, dark-skinned dark elf. Most of the drow on Kule have white or silver hair. Lililth, in contrast, has hair of richest midnight-black, which she wears waist-length. Her features are finely chiselled, with high cheekbones, and almond-shaped eyes that glitter with sharp intelligence. She is thought to be over 500 years old, but nobody knows for sure. For her part, Lililth never speaks of her origins. She came to Kule only three centuries ago, rapidly working her way up through the church hierarchy. Some 75 years ago, she built up enough support in both arms of the drow government, the secular and the religious, to be named Empress-Priestess. Since that time, she has worked behind the scenes to reinforce her authority.

Unlike many drow rulers elsewhere in the universe, Lililth rules through reason and example rather than force and terror. She usually explains to her

"Always take the high ground. Space is the highest ground of all."

excerpt from *Military Philosophy*
by Gen. Garanger Hardesty



subordinates all the reasons behind her orders and policy decisions, believing—apparently correctly—that people are more willing to follow instructions if they understand why they were issued in the first place. This is not to imply that Liliith is weak. On the contrary, she is decisive and will use whatever force is necessary to see that her wishes are carried out.

Those rulers of Oerth who deal directly with Liliith believe her to be honorable and open, truly interested in creating “win-win” situations in all negotiations. They seem to forget that she has made it to the top in a culture that considers Machiavellian maneuvering to be a way of life. . . .

Liliith is a devoted priestess of the demon-goddess Lolth, and is a 10th-level priest/3rd-level thief.

Name: Xerolan'th

Occupation: Speaker, Council of Advisors

STR: 11

INT: 17

DEX: 9

CHA: 16

WIS: 18

CON: 10

An aging, somewhat infirm drow, Xerolan'th is undeniably the second most powerful member of the Urrq'azzt government. She is tall and broad-shouldered, although she now walks with a stoop. Her muscles—once as mighty as those of all but the strongest human warrior—have atrophied with age,

“We are, all of us, adrift on a sea of stars, unaware of whence comes the wind that fills our sails. Who charts our course? Aye, that is the question.”

excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden

Kule

and appear to hang limply from her frame. Her hands tremble sometimes, and her voice has a querulous tremor to it. It is very easy to underestimate Xerolan'th. . . .

And very dangerous. Xerolan'th was born almost a thousand years ago on Kule and, from her age of majority at 33, she has built alliances and power structures throughout drow society. Because of an accident of birth—her sire was executed by the priesthood for a transgression against drow religion—Xerolan'th realized early on that she could never gain enough support of the priests to become the ultimate ruler. Instead, she decided that she would become the power behind the throne. She has been Lililth's biggest supporter and protector, and she is largely responsible for Lililth's meteoric rise to power.

As Lililth's mentor, Xerolan'th knows many things that the Empress-Priestess would like to keep buried. This gives Xerolan'th a considerable hold over the ruler. Xerolan'th's high level of support within the Council of Advisors makes it impossible for Lililth to legally oust her (or worse). Her fear that the Speaker of the Council has arranged for damaging information about Lililth to be released on Xerolan'th's untimely death prevents the Empress-Priestess from taking the other obvious course. For the moment, Lililth must leave Xerolan'th untouched.

Officially speaking, the Speaker of the Council is a largely ceremonial office, since the Speaker can vote only to break a tie. Most outsiders see only this fact, and thus consider Xerolan'th to be at most a bit player on the stage of drow politics. They could not be further from the truth.

Xerolan'th is a 10th-level warrior/8th-level mage.

Name: Tathis Spiderheart

Occupation: Councilmember, Council of Priests

STR: 10

INT: 14

DEX: 10

CHA: 17

WIS: 18

CON: 11

Although her official title is simply "Councilmember," Tathis Spiderheart is actually the most powerful and influential member of Urrq'azzt's Council of Priests. Like Xerolan'th, Tathis has built up a strong network of support, although it is among the priests rather than the members of the secular government, and actually she pulls the strings of many apparently independent individuals throughout the drow nation. Although very few recognize it, she is the third most influential drow on Kule. (Her level of influence lags considerably behind that of Xerolan'th, and this continuously enrages Tathis.)

Tathis is a middle-aged drow, around 500 years old. Her silver hair, once lush and thick, is thinning prematurely, and she keeps it trimmed very close to her head to conceal this fact. She is almost as beautiful as Lililth, although her features are not quite so finely chiselled. She always dresses impeccably. Tathis is an effective speaker, apparently at her best when dealing with large and *hostile* groups. In situations that are less emotionally charged, she seems to prefer hanging back and watching the proceedings. (Actually, of course, she has always orchestrated the actions of her supporters and puppets before any major discussion or debate, so her views are always put forward and supported . . . without her having to acknowledge them as hers!) It is whispered in the halls of Urrq'azzt that Tathis has certain habits that are barbaric even by the standards of drow. Of course, no one dares voice such speculations.

Tathis hates Xerolan'th with a passion and tolerates Lililth only because she must. Xerolan'th, for her part, bears Tathis no ill will, but must protect herself against the Councilmember's machinations. Lililth uses Tathis's hatred of Xerolan'th to her own advantage, playing the two Councilmembers against each other.

Tathis is a 10th-level priest and a devoted follower of Lolth. (Rumors hint that Tathis also worships beings even more dark and evil than the Spider Goddess, but so far these remain only rumors.)

"During peacetime, nations pursue exactly the same goals as when they're at war . . . simply by different means.
To ignore this simple fact is the sign of an idiot."

excerpt from *Military Philosophy*
by Gen. Garanger Hardesty

Raenei

PLANET NAME:	Raenei (Luna)
PLANET TYPE:	Spherical earth body
PLANET SIZE:	D
ESCAPE TIME:	3 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	8 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	28 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Various nonsentient life-forms; miscellaneous settlers

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	30 million miles (7 hours)
Kule	25–45 million miles (5–9 hours)
Liga	85–130 million miles (17 hours–1.3 days)
The Grinder	170–230 million miles (1.7–2.3 days)
Edill	370–430 million miles (3.7–4.3 days)
Gnibile	570–630 million miles (5.7–6.3 days)
Conatha	970–1,030 million miles (9.7–10.3 days)
Ginsel	1,470–1,530 million miles (14.7–15.3 days)
Borka	1,970–2,030 million miles (19.7–20.3 days)
Greela	29,700–3,030 million miles (29.7–30.3 days)
The Spectre	3,970–4,030 million miles (39.7–40.3 days)

Although considerably larger than Oerth's other moon, Raenei (also known as Luna) is also further away. The overall effect is that Raenei appears in the skies of Oerth as not much larger than Kule. Like Kule, Raenei orbits in the same plane as Liga, and so also causes eclipses. Because of Raenei's larger apparent size, however, eclipses involving this planet—

including the rare "double eclipses," where both moons occult the sun simultaneously—are less spectacular than those caused by Kule. This is because Raenei's larger bulk blocks out more of the solar corona that Kule exposes to view.

From the surface of Oerth, it is impossible to see any surface features on Raenei without a telescope or other form of visual enhancement. This is because *two* layers of atmosphere blur and obscure details: Oerth's and Raenei's own.

Raenei is not a Voidworld like Oerth's other moon. It has an atmosphere much like that of Oerth itself. The atmosphere extends to an altitude of 50 miles above sea level, as does Oerth's, but it is a little thinner than the atmosphere of its primary. More importantly, it has considerably less oxygen than the air of Oerth, with nitrogen, helium, and other inert gasses making up the difference. This means that those life-forms that need oxygen to live function much less effectively on the surface or in the skies of Raenei. Oxygen-breathing creatures become fatigued twice as fast as normal, and movement rates for characters who are lightly encumbered or more are decreased by 2.

Raenei's atmosphere is thick enough to refract light. Sometimes, when conditions are right, during an eclipse the dark bulk of Raenei is surrounded by a halo of bright green light. This is the light of Liga refracted through the moon's atmosphere.

Unlike Kule, Raenei is not tidally locked with its primary. On the contrary, it rotates around its axis relatively rapidly, giving it a day length of about eight hours. (Strictly speaking, the fact that Grey-space is a geocentric system, and that the sun orbits further from the primary than does Raenei, means that the planet's day varies in length from about seven hours to almost nine hours.)

Raenei's axis of rotation is perpendicular to the plane of its orbit. In other words, with respect to the ecliptic (the plane in which the planets orbit Oerth), Raenei appears to be lying on its side. This means that, on the surface of Raenei, the sun appears to rise in the east and set in the west, while the disk of Oerth—bright and large enough to be visible both

"Pirate or privateer: what's the difference?
To the victim, none whatsoever."

from a conversation with Virth Blackhand



day and night—crosses the sky from south to north (or vice versa, depending on the season).

When viewed from the surface of Oerth, Raenei goes through the same complex changes of phase as Kule. Because of its faster orbital speed, however, it appears full every 28 days.

Raenei has a climate very much like that of Oerth, with liquid water on the surface, weather, and clouds. Based on this, it would seem logical that it would appear as a blue-white disk in the skies of Oerth. This is not the case, however. For some reason as yet unexplained, Raenei appears white and almost featureless from the surface of Oerth. There are faint features to be seen—mottled areas of brighter or grayer white—but these seem to shift around randomly. In fact, these features are actually cloud masses high in the atmosphere of Raenei. Centuries ago, before spelljamming technology came to

Oerth, sages proposed all manner of wild theories to explain these “moving surface features.” These theories ranged from massive groups of migratory animals, hundreds of miles long, to plant life that bloomed and died depending on the distant moon’s weather patterns.

Raenei has a very different appearance when viewed from outside Oerth’s atmosphere. From space, it appears very much like Oerth itself, a white-streaked sphere of blue approximately half the size of its primary.

Before the advent of spelljamming, there were many fantastical tales describing Raenei’s nature and composition, many focusing on the mobility of its “surface features.” Many believed it was made of quicksilver or some other heavy liquid; others thought it to be made of ice; still others came up with even more absurd speculations. The first visit to

“Raenei is a world of rapacious predators . . . not unlike Oerth.
The only difference is that, on Oerth,
the most vicious predators have two legs. . . .”

from a conversation with Galen Towers
“the Bard of the Void”

Raenei

Raenei by explorers from Oerth dispelled all of these misconceptions, of course. The composition of Raenei is almost identical to that of Oerth itself, with a molten core of nickel-iron surrounded by a mantle and a thin crust. *Unlike* Oerth, Raenei is not volcanically active, although it obviously was at one point in its history. It has a strong magnetic field, which means that compass navigation is possible. The fact that Raenei's magnetic field is aligned at right angles to that of Oerth leads to some interesting consequences. Colossal lightning storms are common on the moon, and auroras are almost continuous over both of Raenei's poles.

The surface of Raenei is mostly dry land, with oceans, seas, and lakes covering only about 30% of the surface area. The topography varies wildly, from rolling, grassy planes, through deserts, verdant forests, and rugged scrublands to jagged mountain ranges. Ocean depth ranges from shallow continental shelves to abyssal trenches and circular sinkholes—which might or it might not be the remnants of meteor craters—several miles deep.

Apart from these sinkholes and half a dozen large circular lakes scattered around the planet, there is no indication that Raenei suffered the same kind of cosmic pounding that Kule did. This might simply be because Raenei has an atmosphere to burn up all but the largest meteors, or it might be due to something totally different and as yet incomprehensible.

Because the planet's axis is perpendicular to the ecliptic, climate on Raenei is not correlated with latitude. In other words, the poles are not cold and the equator is not hot. Instead, temperature is more a result of altitude and proximity to large bodies of water. In general, the greater the altitude, the colder a region is and the harsher its weather. Temperature ranges and weather variations are more extreme for inland areas than for coastal regions. The average temperature at sea level on the coast is 70°F by day, dropping to 45°F by night. In the middle of the great inland desert known as the Anvil of God, the temperature ranges from over 110° by day to 10° at night.

Raenei's rapid rotation produces a very strong Coriolis force, which in turn creates strong and de-

structive storm patterns similar to terrestrial hurricanes and tornados, but much more extensive. To reflect this, when using the "Weather Conditions" table on page 51 of the *Concordance of Arcane Space*, add 2 to all die rolls.

Although it is home to a wide range of flora and fauna, Raenei has no native sentient lifeforms. The processes that raised unintelligent animals to sentience on other worlds never occurred on Raenei. (The most plausible explanation for this is the low level of oxygen in the atmosphere. According to the prevailing theory, a high partial pressure of oxygen is a prerequisite for the development of intelligence and self-awareness.)

The flora of Raenei is virtually identical to that of Oerth itself. The Bronzewood Forest on the moon is even more impressive than the stands of bronzewood trees in the central regions of the Flanaess. There are several plants found on Raenei that have yet to be cataloged on Oerth, including two species that are native to Toril and one to Krynn. Botanists believe that these plants were actually transported from those worlds by spacefarers—accidentally or deliberately.

The animal ecology of Raenei is quite similar to that of Oerth, with two major exceptions. First, as mentioned above, there is no intelligent life whatsoever. (Specifically, there are no native creatures with intelligence above Average.) Second, there is a disproportionate number of "monstrous" creatures: hideous beasts such as purple worms, carrion crawlers, and ankhegs. There are thought to be perhaps a dozen black and green dragons living on Raenei—remarkably unintelligent specimens of their races, if the rumors are to be believed.

Certain sages believe that this high percentage of monsters is not anomalous, and that the low percentage on Oerth is actually the anomaly. On Oerth, according to these theorists, the intelligent and sentient races hunt the monstrous species, decreasing their number to an artificially low level. The ecology on Raenei, they claim, is exactly the way Oerth would have turned out had humans, elves, and the rest never arisen.

"The greatest sin is surrender."

excerpt from *The Laws of Triumph*



If the DM wants to use the standard *WORLD OF GREYHAWK*® encounter tables for Raenei, he or she should disregard any result that indicates a social creature or one with intelligence greater than Average. There are no undead on Raenei, and so few humans that these results should also be discounted. The DM should design his or her own encounters with humans or demihumans, rather than depending on random generation.

Raenei is home to a number of intelligent creatures, but all of these have come from elsewhere. Most of the sentient inhabitants are actually hermits of one stripe or another, individuals who have given up the hurly-burly of life in civilized society for a simple, solitary existence. (Several of these are detailed in the "Important NPCs" section following.)

There are recurring rumors that a band of space-faring pirates calling themselves the Black Company

have a fortified base somewhere in the Worldspine Mountains that girdle the equator of Raenei. No solid proof supports this, however; the base has never been found. Some people who believe the rumors explain this away by pointing out how large an area the Worldspine Mountains cover, and how few (relatively speaking) expeditions have been sent looking for the Black Company. They also point to the mysterious disappearance of the Steelhands, an adventuring company from Oerth that dedicated themselves to finding and eradicating the pirates. The fact that the Steelhands never returned, these people claim, is ample proof that they actually found the Black Company and were defeated by them. (More rational voices point out that the storms that frequently blow through the Worldspine Mountains are more likely to have killed the Steelhands than any hypothetical pirates.)

There is a small settlement near the north mag-

"Don't talk to me about foul weather. Until you've weathered a lightning storm in the Polar Ring, you haven't *seen* foul weather."

from a conversation with Captain Trevor Wilburhampton

Raenei

netic pole of Raenei that came into existence almost 100 years ago. At that time, a large spelljamming vessel journeying from Krynn to Oerth suffered a catastrophe and crashed in a particularly inhospitable region of Raenei. All but seven of the crew were killed: four men and three women, all human. The survivors were all "mundanes," with no priestly or magical abilities, and they had no way of signalling for help. They stayed near the site of the shipwreck and, over the decades, created a small, primitive but self-sustaining settlement. Life was exceptionally hard for them because of the large number of monstrous creatures that dwelt around them and because of the frequent lethal storms. Somehow they survived. The disk of Oerth, their intended destination, filled their sky, reminding them that there was something beyond day-to-day survival.

Over the decades, however, the nature of their society changed. The people ceased longing for rescue and the completion of their journey. Instead they came to view Raenei as home. Their lives may be harsh, but the people can hardly comprehend any other existence. Known to its inhabitants as Triumph, this settlement now numbers more than 200 individuals. By pure luck, a spelljammer vessel encountered them just 10 years ago and offered free passage to Oerth at last. No one accepted the offer.

Ports of Call: There are no port facilities for spelljamming vessels anywhere on Raenei. (The only possible exception is the base of the Black Company, if it exists. Of course, the pirates will not take kindly to casual visitors. . . .)

The settlement of Triumph, in the high mountains wreathing the north pole, is the closest thing to a town on Raenei. As discussed below, the Triumphites are insular almost to the point of xenophobia, and thus they will not welcome visitors. In general, the other intelligent inhabitants of Raenei are hermits who chose the moon as their home so they could be alone. They, too, will hardly be overjoyed to see travelers coming to disturb their solitude.

Resources/Trade: Some centuries ago, a group of

dwarves from Oerth traveled to Raenei, seeing the moon as an untapped stockpile of raw materials, gems, and valuable minerals. They excavated a mine in the foothills of the Worldspine Mountains. Although they kept finding tantalizing hints of great mineral wealth, each new vein of ore played out after only a few feet. After almost a decade of prospecting and exploring, the dwarves were forced to admit that, with regard to minerals and gems, Raenei is very resource-poor indeed. They closed up shop and returned to Oerth, leaving their played-out mines open behind them. This situation seems to hold throughout Raenei.

The only natural resource on the moon worthy of mention is its abundance of bronzewood. These forests are large enough to support an entire country's logging operations for several centuries. However, the demand for bronzewood and the price it commands on the open market can never match the cost of setting up logging operations on Raenei and shipping the wood back to Oerth.

All in all, from the standpoint of trade, Raenei is a backwater and will always remain so. Merchants and traders bypass the moon, concentrating instead on Oerth itself.

Government/Lifestyle: The settlement of Triumph is run along harsh, survival-based lines. Personal strength and resilience is prized above all else; weakness is the ultimate failure. Triumphites cooperate without having to think about it. When working together can make the difference between life and death for many people, failure to cooperate is seen as a crime against society.

Triumphites are generally dour and stolid. There is little place in their lives for humor, music, or entertainment. They trust each other and their own abilities implicitly, and they trust strangers not at all.

Triumph is governed by a council of 12 "Selectmen" on which, despite the name, there are more females than males serving. The First Speaker of the council is unofficially referred to as the mayor. She has little more authority than any other council member, however; her position simply allows her to

"Sometimes solitude is the price of contentment. A steep price,
but one that sometimes must be paid."

excerpt from *Remembrances*
by Samn Rall

Raenei

speak first in any debate or discussion.

Prominent Land Features: There are two major oceans on Raenei, one in each hemisphere, separated by about 90° of longitude. The larger northern ocean is called the Deepsound Sea, while the southern is called the Saltwaste.

The Anvil of God, in the center of the major northern landmass, is a roughly circular desert about 250 miles in diameter. The temperature in the Anvil fluctuates by 100°F between day and night. This drastic change causes the huge rock pillars characteristic of the area to scale and flake away.

There are two major mountain ranges: the World-spine Mountains, which girdle the equator, and the Polar Ring, surrounding the north pole. On average, the mountains of the Polar Ring are higher, although the three highest individual peaks are in the World-spines. Both mountain ranges are almost constantly whipped by brutal storms. The storms that shake the Polar Ring are usually accompanied by massive lightning discharges, in the form of bolts and sheets.

Important NPCs

Name: Gravise Delbert

Occupation: "Mayor" of Triumph

STR: 14

INT: 13

DEX: 11

CHA: 13

WIS: 11

CON: 17

Gravise Delbert is a tall, broad-shouldered woman in her mid-40s. Her skin is dark and weathered, and her shoulder-length hair is thick and black. She has piercing blue eyes. Her voice is low-pitched and rough.

Gravise has known no life other than the hard existence of Triumph and, if the truth be known, she *wants* no other. She is scrupulously, often brutally honest and forthright to a fault. She is respected, even loved, by all Triumphites.

She shares with her fellow Triumphites a distrust of outsiders, seeing them as weak and a threat to the survival of her society. Unlike some of her townsfolk, however, she does not let this distrust slip into true xenophobia and hatred.

When it comes to surviving in the Polar Ring, Gravise is an expert among experts. She has an uncanny ability to predict the weather, and she is incredibly knowledgeable about the strengths, weaknesses, and habits of the monsters that dwell in the region.

Gravise Delbert is a 10th-level warrior.

Name: Samn Rall

Occupation: Hermit

STR: 17

INT: 16

DEX: 12

CHA: 8

WIS: 14

CON: 13

Samn Rall is in his early 50s, a tall and slender human with grizzled hair and a beard. His face is lined and wind-tanned. He dresses in green and brown, and he always carries a massive longbow that few but he can draw.

Nobody knows where Samn was born, or how or why he came to Raenei. It is known that he has lived on the moon for more than 15 years, making his home in the bronewood forests that line the west coast of the Saltwaste. He lives in harmony with nature, subsisting off the land without harming the ecosystem in any way. He knows more about the flora and fauna of Raenei than anyone else, even Gravise Delbert. He has no fixed home, preferring to wander through the great forests and pitch his camp wherever the mood takes him.

Samn enjoys his solitary lifestyle. He has nothing against other people; he is always helpful and friendly toward anyone he meets. It is simply that he prefers his own company.

Samn Rall is a 12th-level ranger.

"He who judges the universe based on one crystal sphere is like he who judges the ocean based on one cup of water."

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot

Liga

PLANET NAME: Liga (The Sun)
PLANET TYPE: Spherical fire body
PLANET SIZE: G
ESCAPE TIME: 12 turns
SATELLITES: 1 planetoid ("The Moth")
DAY LENGTH: None
YEAR LENGTH: 364 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Various fire-based creatures; water elementals (in lakes)

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	100 million miles (1 day)
Kule	92–110 million miles (22 hours–1.1 day)
Raenei	85–130 million miles (17 hours–1.3 days)
The Grinder	100–300 million miles (1–3 days)
Edill	300–500 million miles (3–5 days)
Gnibile	500–700 million miles (5–7 days)
Conatha	900–1,100 million miles (9–11 days)
Ginsel	1,400–1,600 million miles (14–16 days)
Borka	1,900–2,100 million miles (19–21 days)
Greela	29,000–3,100 million miles (29–31 days)
The Spectre	3,900–4,100 million miles (39–41 days)

Liga is the most important fire body in the Grey-space system—the sun. It appears as a sphere slightly flattened at the poles (an oblate spheroid) about 75,000 miles in diameter. It burns with a deep golden glow.

Like many fire bodies, Liga actually comprises two distinct parts: the core and the atmosphere (or photosphere, in this case). The core is relatively

small, only 1,000 miles in diameter (size C). It is composed of molten metals, intermixed with flammable materials that burn eternally but are somehow never consumed. The temperature of the core itself approaches one million degrees Fahrenheit. Many sages postulate a large gate to the elemental plane of Fire at the center of the core, the source of Liga's energy. Whether or not the central gate exists, it has categorically been proven that smaller spontaneous portals to the elemental plane of Fire exist on the surface of the core.

Surrounding the core, and making up the majority of Liga's volume, is the photosphere. This is a flaming, superhot and super-dense atmosphere that surrounds the core to a depth of 37,000 miles! Theoretically, the photosphere is breathable; it contains much the same combination of gases as the atmosphere of Oerth. Unfortunately, however, it has a temperature of several thousand degrees Fahrenheit—more than hot enough to burn out the lungs of anyone who breathes it.

A character in physical contact with Liga's core suffers 45d6 points of damage per round from the heat (save vs. breath weapon for half damage). Because of the portals connecting the core to the elemental plane of Fire, this heat is considered magical in origin; thus, magical items that protect the user against normal—not magical—fire are ineffective in countering this damage. A character immersed in the burning photosphere suffers 30d6 points of damage per round (save vs. breath weapon for half damage); this is considered non magical fire for the purposes of protective magics.

The sun also radiates great heat into space. Liga is surrounded by 29 fire bands, each 1,000 miles wide. The boundary of the outer band is thus 29,000 miles from the edge of the photosphere. A character entering the first band suffers 1d6 points of damage per round from the heat, and when he passes into the second band, the damage increases to 2d6 points per round. In the third band, the damage is 3d6 points per round, and so on. Ships take similar damage, with 10 points of damage equal to 1 point of hull damage. Fires will start with the first hull point of

"Primitive societies all revere the sun as bringer of light and life. We, in our 'sophistication,' give it little thought. Is this progress?"

excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden

Liga

damage and, if the ship gets close enough to the photosphere, metals will begin to soften and melt.

Unlike many suns, Liga shows no sunspot activity and has no solar flares or prominences. The photosphere is a calm and untroubled place—with regard to wind and turbulence, at least. Conditions within the photosphere are always becalmed.

If precautions are taken to diminish the glare, spacefarers approaching Liga can see that its golden surface is dotted with pinpricks of bright blue. (They are invisible from the surface of Oerth, however, because of the distorting effect of the atmosphere.) These round blue spots are circular lakes of elemental Water, tens of miles in diameter. There are many thousands of these small lakes in existence.

These lakes are mysterious, raising several questions. First, how can water exist in an environment where the ambient temperature is thousands of degrees? Apparently, at the center of each of these lakes is a small portal to the elemental plane of Water. This elemental connection is the only thing that stops the water from instantly flashing into superheated steam. The water of a lake remains cool and refreshing, with a temperature of about 65°. These elemental gates are not permanent. On average, it seems that a particular gate will stay open for several months, then spontaneously close. When it closes, the lake surrounding it instantly boils away. When one gate closes, another opens somewhere else, forming a new lake around itself. The total number of gates open at any given moment seems to remain roughly constant.

Second, what holds the lakes up? (Remember that the actual surface of Liga is invisible beneath 37,000 miles of photosphere. The lakes exist on the outer edge of the photosphere.) Nobody knows the answer to this question although, of course, there is much speculation. In fact, the lakes appear to be circular when viewed from space, but they are actually *spherical*. This leads to the theory that a lake is always in a state of dynamic equilibrium. Elemental Water is constantly pouring out in all directions from the planar gate. At some distance from the gate, the heat of the photosphere overwhelms the protective influence of

the gate, and at that point the water instantly evaporates. If this is true, then there should always be a strong current flowing from the center of a spherical lake outward toward the periphery. As of now, no explorer has reported the existence or nonexistence of such a current, so the theory remains unproven.

The third and final major question is, "What purpose do the lakes serve?" Again, there are many theories, ranging from the plausible to the totally wild. The most likely explanation is that the lakes act as a kind of governor of the heat generated by Liga. The elemental Water cools the photosphere and, theoretically, the core as well. Without the lakes, the photosphere could easily be twice as hot as it is now.

This answer, of course, raises a whole new crop of questions. Why is it important to moderate Liga's temperature? What would happen to the sun if the gates to the elemental plane of Water all closed? And, who—or what—maintains the gates? The most widely-accepted theory is that the various gods of Greyhawk cooperate in maintaining the gates because, without them, Liga would consume itself in only a few decades and cease to shine. This, of course, would doom life on Oerth and would deprive the deities of their worshippers—not a pleasant idea to contemplate for mortals or gods.

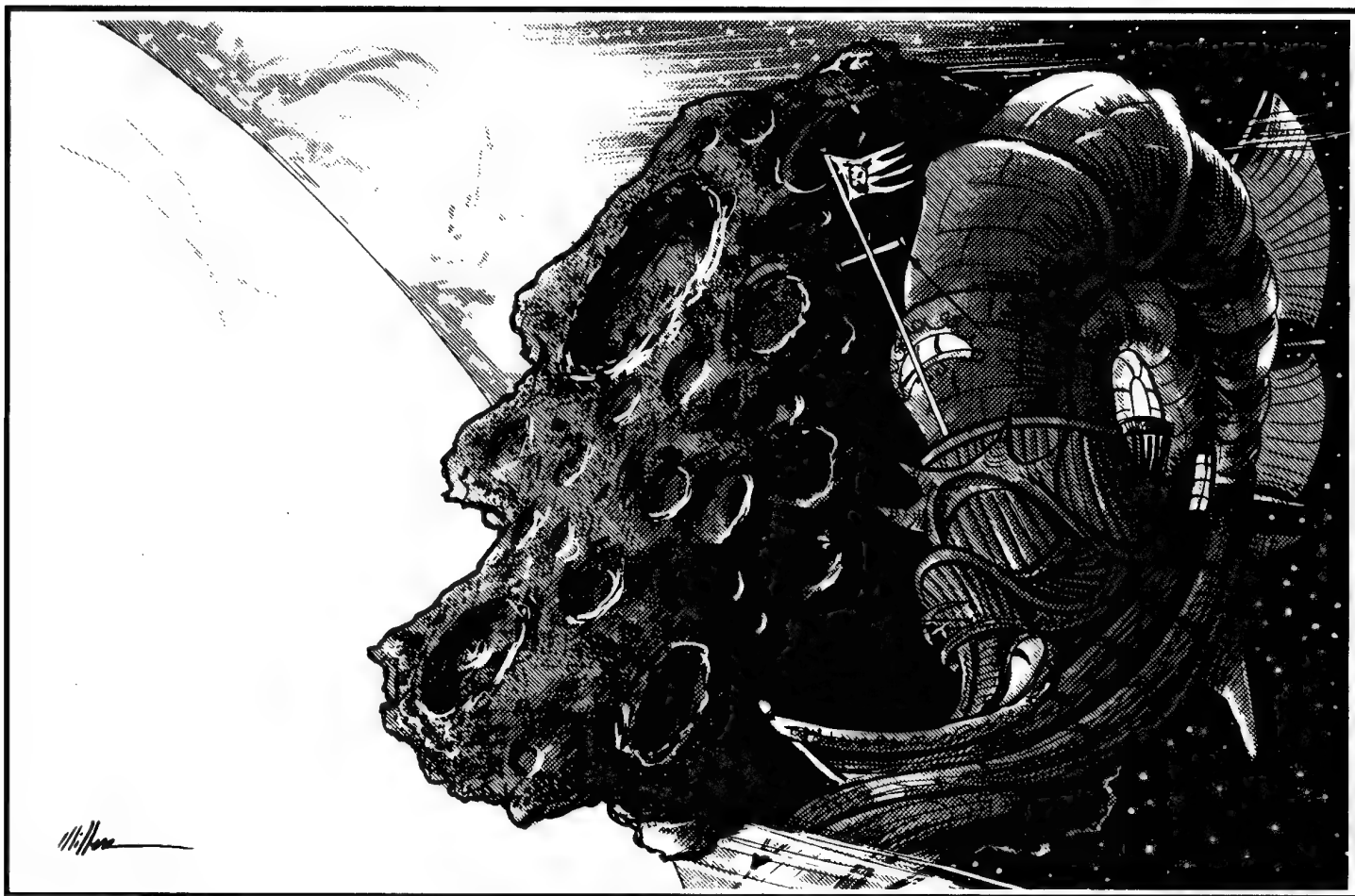
The core and the photosphere of Liga are home to a great many fire-dwelling creatures—denizens of the elemental plane of Fire. Salamanders play in the molten metal of the core while fire elementals prowl the fiery photosphere.

A colony of several dozen efreet lives in a castle of red-hot bronze, magically levitating in the photosphere. Unlike their kin in other spheres, these efreet have discovered spelljamming and apparently find it to their liking. More than a dozen authenticated reports tell of encounters with a great spelljamming vessel several hundred feet long and constructed entirely out of brass, with sails that seem to be made from sheets of flame.

The lakes are home to creatures from the elemental plane of Water. Water elementals patrol the lakes, presumably defending them from incursions by any creature who wishes to disrupt their dynamic equi-

"Trust to the gods, but always re-check your course."

Cragan's Injunction



librium. The elementals seem to know when a spontaneous gate is about to close, and they always evacuate the lake before that happens.

Not so the other inhabitants of the lakes: water weirds. These creatures are unintelligent pests that the water elementals tolerate. A single lake can contain many thousands of these creatures. They are usually caught unawares when the planar gate at the center of their lake closes, and they are destroyed when the water boils away.

A particular psionicist on Oerth claims to have made telepathic contact with one of the water elementals living in a lake on Liga. (She declined to say exactly how she established this contact, however.) According to her, the water elementals consider their stay on Liga to be a kind of detached duty, in response to orders from an Elemental Lord dwelling on the elemental plane of Water. The elementals do

not know why the Elemental Lord considers their presence necessary, but it would not occur to them to question his orders.

The Moth

MINOR BODY NAME: The Moth

MINOR BODY TYPE: Spherical earth body

This is a small planetoid, approximately 200 miles in diameter (size C), that orbits Liga at a distance of 15,000 miles above the photosphere's surface. Because it is so close to the dazzling brilliance of the sun, and because of its small size, it is totally invisible from the surface of Oerth. It is a lifeless, airless cinder, blow-torched by the heat of the sun—on one side, at least. The Moth is tidally locked with its primary, so that one

"May the fires of Liga light your course, and the winds of wildspace be always at your back."

Spacefarer's toast

Liga

hemisphere continuously faces the sun while the rest is in perpetual shadow. The temperature on "Brightside" is measured in the thousands of degrees; any character exposed to the brilliant sunlight on Brightside suffers 15d6 hit points of damage per round. In contrast, "Nightside" is brutally cold—so cold, in fact, that characters without some kind of magical protection suffer 8d6 hit points of damage per round (save vs. breath weapon for half damage). There is a twilight band around the Moth where only a small limb of the sun peeks above the horizon. In this band, which is only about 100 yards across, the temperature is moderate.

Certain daring explorers have used the Moth as a base from which to study Liga close-up, without exposing themselves and their ship to the full force of its heat and light.

Anti-Liga

Ancient myths from various regions of Oerth tell that, in the depths of pre-history, there were *two* suns in the sky. These myths, apparently developed independently, contain so much consistent detail that various astrologers and astronomers conclude that there once *was* another fire body sharing the same orbit as Liga, but separated from it by 180°. They believe this "Anti-Liga" was the same size and color as the sun, and theoretically like it in structure.

At some time, many thousands of years ago, the second sun simply disappeared from the skies. The myths do not provide enough detail to reveal when the second sun vanished or what might have happened to it. Certainly, there is no trace now of a second fire body in Liga's orbit.

A wild and totally unsubstantiated theory currently circulating proposes that Anti-Liga drifted from its orbit for some reason, and it struck the planet in the next orbit out from Oerth. This impact extinguished and destroyed the fire body, shattered the planet, and created the asteroid field now known as the Grinder. Respectable astronomers consider this theory to be purest fantasy and fuzzy thinking, trotting out dozens of cogent reasons why it could never

work. Even so, the theory has captured the imaginations of many and is widely discussed in certain circles.

Important NPCs

Name: Amir Mamhout
Occupation: Captain, The Peacock
STR: 20
INT: 16
DEX: 12
CHA: 16
WIS: 11
CON: 21

Mamhout is a young efreeti, barely a millennium old. Despite his relative youth, he is highly respected by those of his race for his wisdom, daring, and leadership. Although it was not Mamhout who discovered spelljamming technology, it was he who persuaded the Malik, ruler of the Liga colony, that the efreet should build their own spelljamming vessel and that Mamhout should be its captain. The ship, known as the *Peacock*, was built according to Mamhout's own design. (For game purposes, consider the *Peacock* to be a hammership, except that it has 80 Hull Points and saves as metal. For further details, see page 76.)

Mamhout loves the intellectual joy of discovery. He has taken his ship on more than three score voyages through the inner Greyspace system, concentrating on observing the system's layout. He has not yet landed on any planet, and he has so far avoided contact with any other vessels he has encountered.

Although Mamhout sees the *Peacock* simply as a vessel of discovery and exploration, the Malik and his advisors do not agree with this use. Once all of the ship's bugs have been shaken out, the Malik intends to use the *Peacock* and other ships like it to spread his influence throughout the Greyspace system. Mamhout as yet knows nothing about his ruler's ultimate intentions. When he learns of them, he will be in a difficult situation—torn between his own relatively peaceful philosophy and loyalty to his ruler.

"We steer a course between fire and ice.
Disaster awaits our first misstep."

excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden

The Grinder

PLANET NAME:	The Grinder
PLANET TYPE:	Asteroid field
PLANET SIZE:	B
ESCAPE TIME:	2 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	Varies
YEAR LENGTH:	24 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Representatives of all major spacefaring races; undead; others

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	200 million miles (2 days)
Kule	190–210 million miles (1.9–2.1 days)
Raenei	170–230 million miles (1.7–2.3 days)
Liga	100–300 million miles (1–3 days)
Edill	200–600 million miles (2–6 days)
Gnibile	400–800 million miles (4–8 days)
Conatha	800–1,200 million miles (8–12 days)
Ginsel	1,300–1,700 million miles (13–17 days)
Borka	1,800–2,200 million miles (18–22 days)
Greela	28,000–3,200 million miles (28–32 days)
The Spectre	3,800–4,200 million miles (38–42 days)

The Grinder is a dense asteroid field that fills the orbital slot immediately beyond the orbit of Liga. It is composed of countless millions of asteroids, planetoids and *planetesimals*, ranging in size from about 100 miles in diameter (size B) down to the size of golfballs. The vast majority of the bodies fall into the middle of this spectrum, with the average object be-

ing several tens of yards across. There are perhaps 100,000 size A bodies (those between one and ten miles in diameter) and no more than 200 size-B bodies (those between 10 miles and 100 miles in diameter). Some of these larger bodies are named, but there is no generally-followed naming convention. For example, what is called "Ceres" by some travelers is known as "the Pup" to others, and as "that big rock there" to yet others.

The larger asteroids—those with a diameter of a mile or more—usually have breathable atmospheres, although there are some exceptions. Smaller rocks are generally Voidworlds, although there are exceptions here, too.

Unlike a typical asteroid belt, the Grinder is not a torus (a donut shape) that lies in the ecliptic. Instead, the planetoids of the Grinder are spread out into a hollow sphere, completely surrounding Oerth and the inner planets (including Liga). This means that *every* spelljamming vessel bound for Oerth from the outer planets or from the boundary of the crystal sphere *must* pass through the Grinder. There is simply no way to avoid it.

The Grinder is a chaotic place indeed. Because they all lie in approximately the same orbit, all of the asteroids and planetoids making up the Grinder move at approximately the same speed. Unfortunately, they do *not* all move in the same direction. Each body has its own distinct orbit, inclined at its own angle to the ecliptic and traveling in its own direction. Some move clockwise within the ecliptic while others move counterclockwise. Some arch high above the plane of the other planets, and some dive below. This, of course, leads to many, many collisions. Rocks are constantly slamming into each other, shattering, or bouncing off in new orbits.

The 200 or so large bodies have orbits and positions aligned so that they will never collide with each other. (This does not mean that the large bodies will not collide with smaller bodies, of course.) While some people think this implies some kind of intelligent planning, most sages think it to be a necessary condition. Earlier in the Grinder's existence, there probably were large bodies that collided. Such a col-

"Sooner sail blind through the Grinder than trust a neogi."

A Greyspace aphorism

The Grinder

lision would probably smash both large planetoids into rubble. Thus, the only way that large bodies could survive to the present day would be if their orbits serendipitously avoided such collisions. According to this view, there is nothing mysterious about the larger planetoids' safe orbits—if their orbits weren't safe, they simply wouldn't exist any more.

Although the Grinder is a dense asteroid field in astronomical terms, it is still much more empty space than rock. The average distance between objects is measured in miles. This means that a spelljamming vessel could conceivably blaze right through the Grinder at full speed without coming near an obstacle. This is the theory, at least.

In practice, the only sane thing for a captain to do is slow to tactical speed when the vessel reaches the outer margin of the Grinder. Lookouts must then spot the largest and most threatening objects, and the helmsman must weave a course around them. Lookouts must keep a sharp eye out for planetoids coming from unexpected directions.

What might happen if a captain *did* try to take her ship through the Grinder at full speed? She *could* make it unscathed; in fact, the odds favor this . . . just. It could also lead to catastrophe. The ship could come close enough to a large rock to be forced to tactical speed . . . and find itself right in the path of another large rock, coming from another angle. Many ships have been damaged or lost to the Grinder in just this way.

For obvious reasons, pirates and other rogues of the spaceways—such as predatory radiant dragons—find the Grinder to be a perfect place to ply their trade. First, their potential prey will almost certainly slow to tactical speed, making an ambush much easier to orchestrate. Second, there are many planetoids large enough to hide a ship behind, maximizing the element of surprise. And third, the density of the asteroid field lessens the chance that the prey can simply turn tail and flee at full speed. (Of course, this can backfire on the unwary captain who finds his intended prey is tougher than he had guessed. . . .)

One of the many mysteries of Greyspace is the origin of the Grinder. Some sages believe that it is the

constituents of a planet that, for some reason, never formed properly. Others hold it to be the wreckage of a planet destroyed in some cosmic calamity. (The candidates for this calamity range from a war between the gods to deific retribution against the race that dwelt on the planet to an impact between the planet and the Anti-Liga described in the previous chapter.)

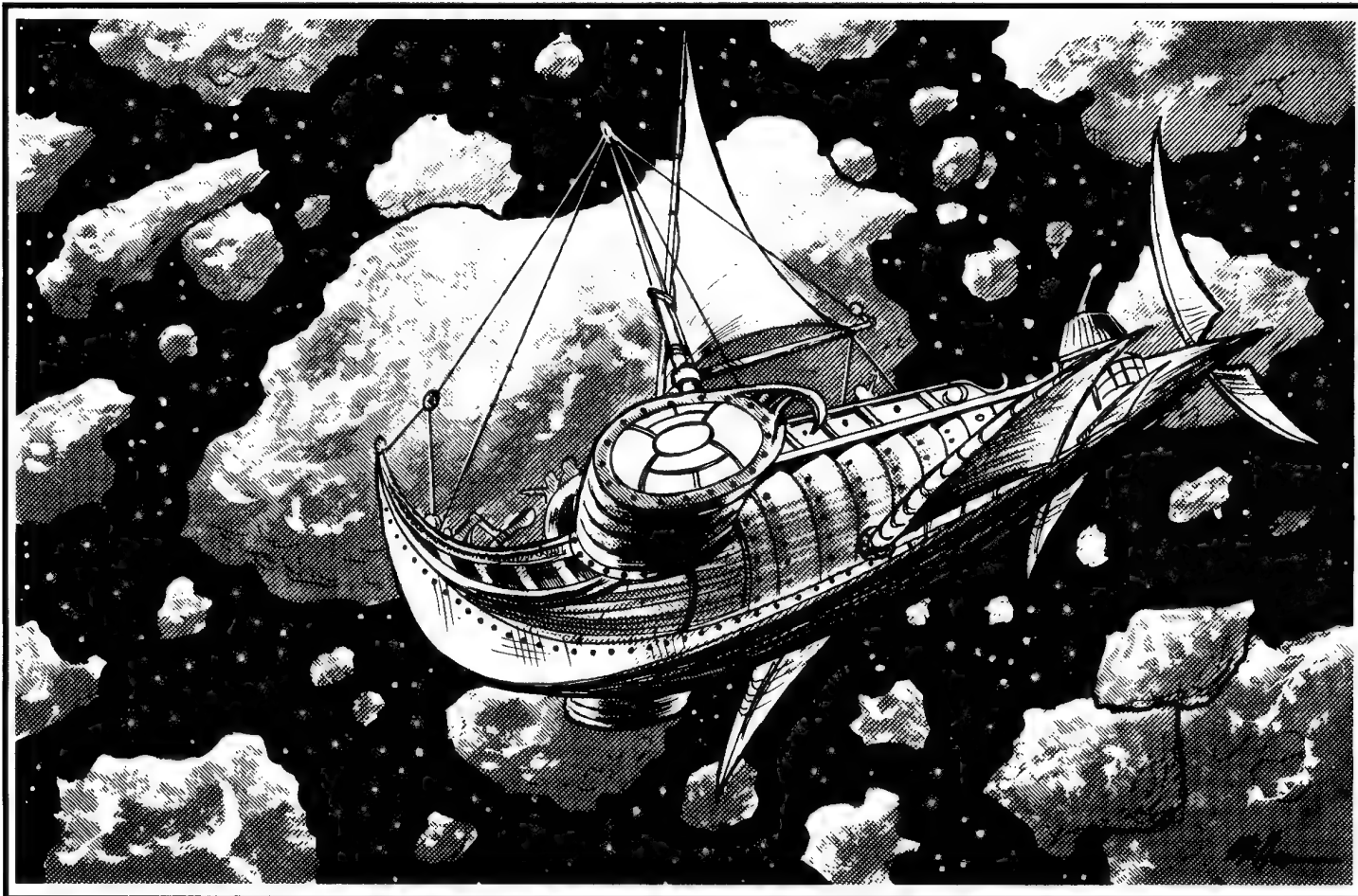
The sage Marzaria, of Chendyl in Furyondy, once estimated the amount of mass the Grinder and came up with a fascinating result: If all the planetoids and planetesimals of the Grinder were combined into one single planet, they would form a world almost *500,000 miles* in diameter (size H)! Considering that this is much larger than Greyspace's sun, Marzaria decided that both the unformed-planet and destroyed-planet theories were flawed. Following on from her work, other sages have speculated that the Grinder was created by some deity, or confederation of deities, to protect Oerth from invaders from another crystal sphere.

Most spacefarers who hail from Oerth look on the Grinder as a natural division in the Greyspace system between the inner system and the outer worlds. Travelers from elsewhere consider this ludicrous. After all, the Grinder is only two days' travel from Oerth while the Spectre is 40 days away—a classic example of Oerth's natives' geocentric attitude.

Nevertheless, the Grinder has become the center of Greyspace's spelljamming traffic. The Grinder represents a natural division between short-haul merchants, who carry out their trade between Oerth and the asteroid settlements, and the long-haul merchants, who travel to the outer worlds and to and from other spheres. The advantages are obvious. There are so many asteroids that virtually every race, or every nation or even every special-interest group, can create its own port. Even the largest asteroid is tiny when compared to a world, making escape time much less of an issue. (It takes only two minutes to escape from the largest asteroid.) There are so many planetoids, traveling in so many different orbits, that it would be totally impossible for any group—say, a Customs and Excise Force from Oerth—to extend

"One degree off course is better than ninety."

(Translation: "A wise man settles for *almost* perfect.")
Spacefarer's aphorism



its authority over the whole of the Grinder. No matter how militantly such a group approached the problem, there would always be places to hide free ports or smugglers' markets.

Virtually every spacefaring race in known space has some presence in the Grinder. For some races, this means that there are a handful of traders, explorers, mercenaries, diplomats (or spies), or missionaries present in an outpost founded and run by another race. (This describes the giff, who hire themselves out as mercenaries and bodyguards, the arcane, who are interested in nothing more than doing business, and the Reigar, two of which have recently taken up residence on Ceres for reasons they will discuss with no one.) Other races have built their own settlements—ports, markets, military bases, repair docks, etc.—in the asteroid field. The most important of these are described in the following section.

DMs can assume that *any* race they want can have some kind of outpost in the Grinder.

Ports of Call: The most important settlement in the Grinder is on the largest asteroid. Both asteroid and settlement are known to travelers from Oerth as Ceres. Ceres is size B and roughly kidney-shaped, with a circular lake 10 miles in diameter in the "saddle." The settlement of Ceres is built along the curving shore of this lake, comprising almost 50 buildings, with a permanent population of about 250. Spelljamming vessels can land in the lake or on a smooth area of rock outside the port area.

Even though it has air and water, the asteroid of Ceres has no native life more sophisticated than a kind of slime mold that lives on the rocks. Visitors have tried to establish food crops from Oerth and from other worlds, but they have not succeeded. Thus, Ceres is

"Better a hole in the hull than a gnome at the chart table."

Harnihan's Law

The Grinder

not and will never be self-sufficient; it depends entirely on trade for its existence. Apart from humans, demihumans, humanoids, and other sentient travelers, the only non-native lifeforms on the planetoid are rats—the descendants of vermin unwittingly brought to the world aboard spelljamming vessels.

Most of the permanent residents of Ceres are humans, with maybe one quarter of the population made up of demihumans. There are smatterings of other races, including perhaps a dozen giff, who run a mercenary hiring hall, and two reigar.

Khadazah ("Motherlode") is a size B asteroid claimed by a group of dwarf miners who traveled to Greyspace in their Citadel, which still orbits around the asteroid. These dwarves are busy mining Motherlode for various valuable ores which they sell at vast profit to the highest bidder. So far, Motherlode is a major source of zinc, copper, and lead. There are rumors that the dwarves have found gold as well, and some wild speculations that they are also mining mithril. Although the dwarves have no intention of going anywhere (indeed, the ship has no helmsman aboard her), the orbiting Citadel always has its weapon platforms manned to defend Motherlode against anyone who might consider claim-jumping.

The lizardmen have a small outpost on a size A asteroid. They call this outpost *Lassh'tz Zst'q*, which translates roughly as "We are here." Other races call it by different names: humans from Oerth usually call it "Swamp," elves from Toril know it as *Cenerea* ("Fetid Place"), while Krynnish gnomes refer to it as *Harkalopenarigastinoven* ("Do-Not-Go-Here-Or-You-Will-Most-Probably-Find-Yourself-Eaten-In-Short-Order"). This asteroid is unusually warm, with a thick and humid atmosphere. Its entire surface is swampy, covered with shallow, stagnant lakes and ponds—a perfect environment for lizardmen.

A small mind flayer colony has recently sprung up on a size B asteroid the illithids call *Skullbringer*. The illithids have made no untoward moves, seeming to be happy with carrying on basic trade with the other asteroid settlements. Nobody knows exactly where the illithids came from, although many suspect they came from the world of Falx. Similarly, nobody knows

exactly what their purpose is in Greyspace. One merchant captain in transit to Greela reported spotting a neogi Mindspider putting in at Skullbringer, but nobody can substantiate this claim.

Up until two years ago, there were two beholder colonies on size A rocks in different regions of the Grinder. These colonies were populated by two distinct beholder nations. Two years ago, the intricacies of orbital motion brought the colonies close together for the first time in recorded history. As soon as they closed within a million or so miles of each other, each colony launched a raid on the other. The two fleets met and annihilated each other. Today, both colonies appear totally depopulated.

Unsubstantiated yet recurring rumors tell of a size B asteroid inhabited entirely by various races of undead. This asteroid—known variously as "Reaper," "the Graveyard," and "Charnelhouse"—is said to have once been a well-populated outpost for human explorers from another sphere. Some time ago, a collision between this asteroid and another large rock killed everyone who lived on it. For some reason, unexplained by the tales, most of the inhabitants still inhabit the asteroid as undead. Several candidates have been picked out for this undead-asteroid, all of which are currently far away from any major outpost. One astrologer from Oerth points out, however, that one of the candidates will pass disturbingly close to Ceres in only a few years. . . .

The Grinder is also home to a mysterious race called the Horgs (see page 95). These bizarre creatures have been known to attack spelljamming vessels voyaging through the Grinder, and even to overwhelm small asteroid outposts.

Resources/Trade: Trade is the lifeblood of every society or outpost in the Grinder. No settlement is self-sufficient; all depend on Oerth and other sources for food. While many of the asteroids are incredibly rich in raw materials—the dwarven mining camp of Motherlode comes immediately to mind—none of them have the facilities to refine ore or to manufacture finished goods from those materials. Instead, the asteroid societies must trade their natural re-

"A smart player saves his best efforts for the games that matter.
And there's only one game that matters."

excerpt from *Remembrances*
by Samn Rall



sources to others for food, water, other necessities, and usually for great sums of money. Although the asteroid societies are primitive when it comes to lifestyle, they are almost all very rich.

Government/Lifestyle: To most residents of the Grinder, "government" is a bad word, connoting control, infringement of trade, and general interference. Individual colonies and outposts may have some semblance of government, although most do not.

Ceres, for example, has a chief executive in the person of the Harbormaster. The Harbormaster is responsible for making sure that business runs smoothly—organizing maintenance, keeping the peace, settling disputes, etc. The Harbormaster is picked by a general election every three years, with each permanent resident of Ceres over the age of majority having one vote. The winner receives a de-

cent salary and free room and board, and he has the authority to deputize a group of assistants in time of need. (Usually, this comes down to hiring a couple of giff mercenaries to deal with a troublesome ship's crew.) In general, the Harbormaster's job is purely administrative. Enlightened self-interest tells everyone that violence and irresponsibility are bad for business, so nobody gets too far out of line. If anybody does, the other regular traders will usually slap him or her down, going to the Harbormaster only if that does not do the job.

In general, life in the Grinder is proof that entrepreneurship and *laissez-faire* capitalism are alive and well in Greyspace. In the asteroids, *everything* is for sale if you have the money.

The different outposts and settlements are generally in competition, trying to outdo each other in handling the huge quantities of trade passing

"The shortest distance between two points is usually a losing proposition. Three-cornered trade is the only way to make a killing."

excerpt from *The Trader's Handbook*
by Stokas Barnaby

The Grinder

through the Grinder. With very rare exceptions, this competition is purely on an economic level, rather than a military or paramilitary one. From time to time, the outposts put their differences aside to collaborate on a single task: specifically, ridding The Grinder of the various pirate groups that raid merchant ships in transit. Sometimes the outposts cooperate in sending out their own fleet of vessels. More commonly, however, they hire mercenaries or adventurers to do the dirty work for them.

Important NPCs

Name: Carryl Landis

Occupation: Harbormaster, Ceres Freeport

STR: 13

INT: 13

DEX: 11

CHA: 15

WIS: 14

CON: 12

Carryl Landis is a half-elf in his late 40s—a tall, slender man with a brusque, no-nonsense manner. He has been Harbormaster of Ceres for the last 10 years. At the end of each of his previous three terms, he has publicly sworn that he would never run for reelection. The permanent residents of Ceres are confident that he will end up running for yet another term, despite his protestations to the contrary.

Landis was born in the free city of Dyvers on Oerth, and signed on as a mercenary when he was only 16. A decade or so later, he was given the opportunity to go into space, and jumped at the chance. He crewed on several spelljamming vessels, and eventually became Commander of Marines on a military ship from Toril. By the age of 30, he felt himself slowing down, and decided that the mercenary game was for younger men. He resigned his commission, and invested his severance pay in a small trading coster based on Ceres. He quickly found that he was perhaps a better merchant than he was a warrior, and that he certainly enjoyed making deals more than killing people.

At that time, Ceres was a much rougher place than

it was now. The then-current Harbormaster was a corrupt incompetent, and Landis's coster had to spend almost as much time defending itself against hostile actions as it did making money. This, Landis decided, had to change. He ran against the incumbent, defeating her handily. Yet again, he found that he had unguessed-at skills: the administrative tasks of Harbormaster came easily to him, and he found that he enjoyed his new duties. Over the past 10 years, nobody that he considers competent and honest has run against Landis. As soon as someone he admires challenges him, he will immediately step down in favor of the newcomer. Carryl Landis is a 7th-level warrior.

Name: Bron Stoneheart

Occupation: Master Miner, Motherlode

STR: 14

INT: 11

DEX: 10

CHA: 11

WIS: 12

CON: 14

Bron is a bluff middle-aged dwarf, the chief executive of the Motherlode mining operation. As well as handling all judiciary and administrative functions within the outpost, he also is the main spokesperson and trader. It is Bron who handles selling the ore that the dwarves wrest from the heart of their asteroid, and in turn buying the supplies they need to survive.

Bron does not feel the world-weariness and fatalism common to so many Toril dwarves. Instead, he is dynamic and self-assured—some would say arrogant—and believes that no problem is insoluble if approached in the right way. He is vaguely scornful of the "soft races" (i.e., everyone but dwarves) but tries not to let this attitude color his dealings with them. He will not, on any account, deal with goblinoid races, or with anyone he suspects will turn around and sell his ore to the goblinoids.

"You can fool *all* of the people *some* of the time . . .
and that's usually enough."

excerpt from *The Trader's Handbook*
by Stokas Barnaby

Edill

PLANET NAME:	Edill
PLANET TYPE:	Spherical air body
PLANET SIZE:	G
ESCAPE TIME:	12 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	36 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	40 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Dragons, with smatterings of avians and other reptiles

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	400 million miles (4 days)
Kule	390–410 million miles (3.9–4.1 days)
Raenei	370–430 million miles (3.7–4.3 days)
Liga	300–500 million miles (3–5 days)
The Grinder	200–600 million miles (2–6 days)
Gnibile	200–1,000 million miles (2–10 days)
Conatha	600–1,400 million miles (6–14 days)
Ginsel	1,100–1,900 million miles (11–19 days)
Borka	1,600–2,400 million miles (16–24 days)
Greela	2,600–3,400 million miles (26–34 days)
The Spectre	3,600–4,400 million miles (36–44 days)

Edill is a massive spherical air world, almost 100,000 miles in diameter. From a distance, it is a delicate robin's-egg blue, with no visible features. Although there are masses of elemental material (discussed later) spinning through its clear atmosphere, Edill has no solid core—it is simply a massive concentration of breathable atmosphere. This atmosphere is surrounded by an invisible "membrane" that

prevents the air "outgassing" into the void. Objects such as ships or explorers can pass freely through this membrane, in either direction. (A character passing through the membrane, or simply extending a hand through it, would feel a momentary sensation of resistance, but nothing more.) The membrane immediately re-seals itself after something has passed through it. In other words, it does not burst when punctured, like a balloon. Air pressure does not increase toward the center of Edill. Throughout the huge planet's volume, air pressure and oxygen concentration are very similar to conditions on the surface of Oerth.

Edill and its sister planet, Gnibile, are two worlds with years that are shorter than expected. Nobody has any good explanation for this fact.

Although there is no solid matter to block the view, it is impossible to see completely through Edill and out the other side. Even clear air absorbs some light, and 100,000 miles of it is effectively as opaque as solid rock. Maximum observation range for *anything* is about 250 miles. (Note that anything smaller than a good-sized mountain will be too small to spot at a much lesser distance, of course.) A consequence of this is that the level of light decreases the deeper one goes into Edill's atmosphere. The light of the sun does not penetrate deeper than perhaps 500 miles into the air world, and the illumination drops to that of dusk or starlight long before that. This means that the vast majority of the planet is in eternal darkness, broken only by rare lightning storms and artificial (or magical) sources of light.

The atmosphere of Edill is remarkably placid. Winds do blow, but never strongly, and major storms like those that can occur on Oerth are exceptionally rare. To reflect this, when using the Weather Conditions Table on page 51 of the *Concordance of Arcane Space*, subtract 2 from all die rolls. Clouds sometimes form, resembling billowy white cumulus clouds on Oerth. Rainfall is not overly common, and more drastic weather conditions such as lightning storms are downright rare. Note that clouds can occur *anywhere* throughout the atmosphere of Edill. The temperature is relatively constant throughout

"You can fool some of the people all of the time . . . and they're the best repeat customers."

excerpt from *The Trader's Handbook*
by Stokas Barnaby

Edill

the planet, ranging from about 50°F at night up to perhaps 80°F at noon.

Even though Edill has no solid core, it *does* have gravity. "Down" is toward the geometric center of the planet. The force of gravity remains constant regardless of the distance from this geometric center, and is slightly less than one normal Oerth gravity. (To reflect this, increase all missile weapon ranges and movement rates of flying creatures by 10%. Round fractions *up*.) The gravitational field stops abruptly at the membrane surrounding the atmosphere. On one side of the membrane, there is gravity; on the other, there is none.

Any falling object will drop toward the geometric center of the planet, accelerating to terminal velocity. When it reaches the center, it passes right through it and flies toward the opposite limb of the planet, now *decelerating*. Because of air resistance, it does not get quite as far from the center as the point at which it started falling. It slows to a stop, then starts falling back toward the center again. It continues this kind of oscillation until it finally comes to a stop, many cycles later, at the center. The number of cycles an object goes through will depend on the height from which it originally fell, as well as its size (and hence the amount of air friction).

The previous discussion applies to an object falling from rest—for example, a clumsy character falling from a stationary ship. If the object has some forward speed when it begins to fall (a catapult stone, for example), it will go into orbit around the planet's geometric center. Because of air friction, this orbit will eventually decay, although this may take a long time.

There are many bodies of elemental matter orbiting around Edill's center, within the volume of its atmosphere. (For some reason, the orbits of these bodies do *not* decay over time.) There are exactly 20,736 bodies of *each* elemental type: earth, fire and water. (Some sages claim there are also 20,736 bodies of air, but since Edill is all air anyway, the issue is meaningless.) The earth bodies are chunks of rock, roughly spherical, half a mile to a mile in diameter. (Handle a collision between such a body and a

ship as a crash landing.) The fire bodies are massive fireballs, 100 yards in diameter, that roar and crackle through the atmosphere. (Any character struck by such an object suffers 25d6 hit points of damage. Ships, too, suffer damage, with 10 hit points equaling one hull point.) The water bodies are teardrop-shaped conglomerations of water droplets—rather like mobile, compact and very high-velocity rainstorms. (A character struck by such a water body will be unharmed, albeit drenched. Ships, on the other hand, suffer 1d10 hull points from the impact, and may have their rigging torn away.)

These bodies follow stable orbits around the planet's center. The speed of any elemental body increases the closer it is to the center of the planet, and can range from about 30 yards a minute to well over 2,000 yards a minute (equivalent to the top atmosphere speed of a ship with SR 4). Most but not all of the earth bodies follow roughly circular orbits far from the planet's center. The water bodies usually orbit further in, and follow more elliptical orbits. The fire bodies generally follow the most eccentric orbits, climbing almost to the atmosphere membrane—slowing as they do—then plunging ever-quicker toward the center, before repeating the process on the other side of the world.

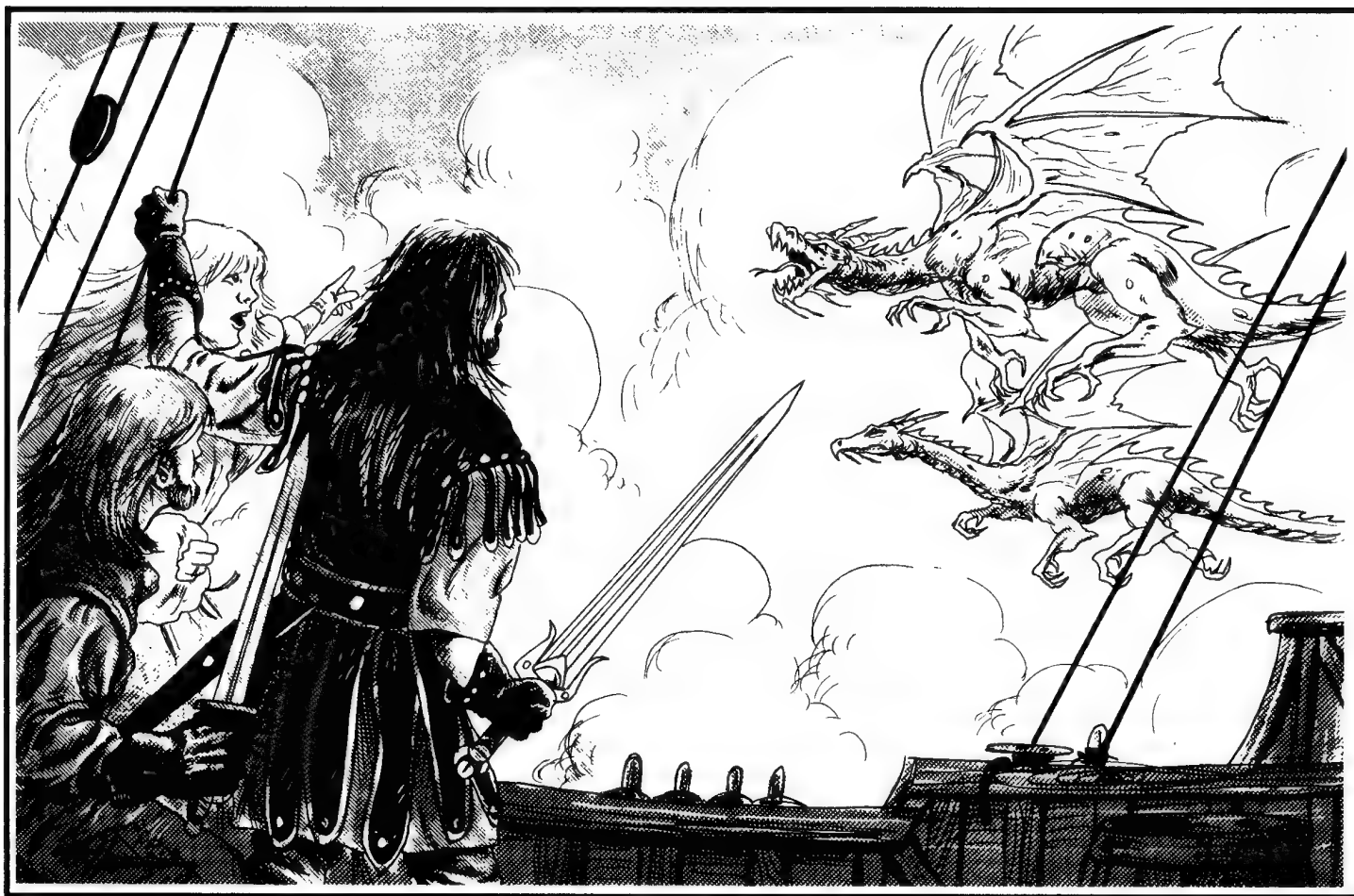
For some mysterious reason, the orbits of the elemental bodies are so arranged that they will never collide with each other. (Ships navigating the skies of Edill are another story entirely, of course. . . .)

Edill is home to many thousands of dragons. In fact, the draconic population of Edill alone is greater than the combined dragon population of the rest of Greyspace plus the whole of Krynnspace *plus* all of Realmspace! This may at first seem a staggering concept, but it is important to recall the immense size of Edill. The population is so spread out that a spelljamming vessel might spend days or weeks sailing the skies of the air world without encountering a single dragon.

While there are a few chromatic dragons (reds, blues, greens, etc.) the vast majority—close to 95%, in fact—are metallics, with silvers predominating. Nobody knows whether the Edill dragons evolved on

"When the ship casts off, all bills are paid."

Traveler's aphorism



the air world, or came to the planet from elsewhere. If the dragons themselves know, they are not saying. The creatures are identical to their terrestrial brethren, except for two major features. Firstly, they are much larger than their kin from elsewhere—fully $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the size (and $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the hit point totals!). And secondly, they are much more social and cooperative than their terrestrial cousins. (This is true even for the normally territorial reds. It is fortunate that there are so few of the creatures. The idea of cooperative hunting flights of oversize red dragons is too ugly to contemplate.)

The silvers have built up sophisticated and quite idiosyncratic societies around the larger and slower-moving earth bodies that orbit within Edill. They have no interest in building castles, fortresses, or other structures. In fact, the idea of creating *anything* concrete would not even occur to the Edill silvers.

Material possessions or creations simply do not matter; after all, matter is base and ephemeral. Only thoughts are eternal—or so believe the silvers. The draconic societies, then, are societies of thinkers—of philosophers, poets, mathematicians and logicians. The great draconic thinkers never record any of their creations, discoveries or insights, however; they simply share them with others verbally. To record any idea in concrete form, in writing or an illustration, for example, is to debase and cheapen it, to remove it from the exalted realm of pure thought and to mire it in the realm of the physical. If an idea or creation is worthy, the dragons believe, it will be remembered without any physical record. If it is forgotten, it is by definition unworthy.

The adult silvers spend most of their time soaring through the air of Edill, usually within a hundred miles of the atmosphere membrane, where the skies

"Where people are moral, laws are unnecessary; where people are immoral, laws are broken."

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot

are blue and the sunlight the brightest. As they fly, they think and create, taking a break every now and then to hunt the ever-flying skykine, massive airborne herd animals that provide most of the dragons' sustenance. (Skykine are described on page 93.) They return to their orbiting islands to rest, to discuss their contemplations with others, to mate, and to lay their eggs. All of the larger earth bodies have at least one silver dragon hatchery on it—an area where eggs can be safely laid that is then guarded by an organized system of draconic sentries. While magic is not highly prized as such by the silvers (after all, actually *casting* a spell debases the intellectual work that went into its creation), the dragons have among them mages of significant power who magically ward the hatcheries. The other draconic species, particularly the reds, occasionally chance a raid on a silver hatchery, but usually are rebuffed with losses.

Other winged creatures also live in the skies of Edill, including wyverns—protected and cherished by the silvers as unintelligent cousins—aarakocra, and other species. Some of the larger fire bodies are home to small family bands of salamanders and other fire-loving creatures.

Ports of Call: By far the largest floating island is a rock almost three miles in diameter. Known as Skyhaven, it orbits within one mile of the atmosphere membrane, traveling at about 3", and takes over 130,000 years to complete one orbit around Edill's center. Skyhaven is home to upwards of 100 silver dragons, plus one or two individuals of other metallic species. The upper surface of the rock—that is, the side closest to the atmosphere membrane—has a large lake. (Approaching ships should always be on the lookout for bathing dragons.) There are also many relatively flat places for land-capable vessels to set down. The dragons of Skyhaven do not actively encourage visits by spacefarers, but do not discourage them either. Visitors are welcome if they bring interesting news of the greater universe, or can share some new intellectual discovery.

About one-third the size of Skyhaven is another

significant earth body known, in the Common tongue, as the Diver. This floating island has an exceptionally eccentric orbit, coming within a mile or two of the atmosphere membrane, then diving down into the black depths to pass within several miles of Edill's geometric center. The Diver is one of the fastest-orbiting earth bodies, traveling at an average speed of 300 yards per minute. When it is at its closest point to the atmosphere membrane, it travels at only 30 yards per minute, while when it passes closest to the planet's center it clips along at 570 yards per minute. The Diver takes about 2½ years to complete one orbit. The Diver is home to about 75 massive and *aggressive* red dragons.

The Diver has no lake large enough for a water-capable spelljammer to put down, although there is more than enough clear groundspace for a land-capable ship to set down. Of course, landing on something that travels as fast as the Diver is much easier said than done. Further, the red dragons are quite likely to incinerate any incoming ship unless, (a) they expect its arrival, or (b) they see some personal benefit in letting it land.

The Diver is riddled with passageways and massive caverns, big enough to shelter even the largest red dragons. This is just as well—during the high-speed phases of the Diver's orbit, the dragons must shelter below-ground or be swept away by the mighty winds. These caverns are magically illuminated and warmed.

Resources/Trade: Perhaps the most important resource that Edill possesses is air. Ships whose air envelope has become stale and foul can solve the problem simply by dipping into the upper reaches of the planet's atmosphere. Some of the earth bodies—particularly the ones with eccentric orbits—are said to have large deposits of minerals and valuable ores. Unfortunately, most of these are home to rapacious dragons of various species, making mining operations difficult to say the least.

The silvers care nothing about physical possessions, and thus have no interest in normal trade. They *can* be interested in purchasing new ideas or

"We are here, and it is now. What more would we need to know?
All else is sophistry."

excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden

intellectual creations, but they will pay for these only with *other* ideas or pieces of information.

The red dragons of the Diver are carrying on their own form of trade, as described below.

Government/Lifestyle: The society of Skyhaven is, without a doubt, a draconic vision of utopia. The inhabitants are free to do whatever they like, without any constraint on their behavior, as long as they do nothing to harm anyone else. So plentiful are the skykine this near the atmosphere membrane, that the dragons need spend little time hunting, and can dedicate most of their waking hours to philosophical contemplation and discussion.

There is no leader as such on Skyhaven, and no government. The dragons have no need of one, and cannot really comprehend why anybody else would either. There are no laws as such, just understandings, and no institutions are needed to enforce them. If any dragon willingly breaks one of these understandings—by infringing on the personal rights of another, for example—the other members of Skyhaven society will learn of it and withdraw all social contact from the criminal. This kind of social sanction is the worst punishment that a Skyhaven silver can imagine, and so, is an excellent deterrent. No

dragon currently living can remember the last time this kind of sanction occurred.

While the Skyhaven silvers predictably believe that dragons—and specifically their own species—are the most sophisticated beings in creation, they do not act arrogantly or patronizingly to others. As long as visitors can hold their own intellectually, the silvers are willing to spend time with anyone.

Except for members of the goblinoid races: goblins, orcs, ogres, hobgoblins, etc. These the silvers hate with a passion. The more enlightened silvers do not include half-orcs in this classification, but they still do not feel kindly disposed to this race. The reason for this hatred is that the silvers know that certain spacefaring groups of goblinoids (orcs, scro, and others) have formed some kind of trade deal with the red dragons living on the Diver. The silvers know that the reds covet their home, and that the aggressive predators will attack them the moment they think they have a chance of success.

True enough, the red dragons living on the Diver have been visited by various goblinoid ships. These visitations started before the beginning of the second Unhuman War, but increased in frequency when the war brewed up again. Neither the goblinoids nor the red dragons will discuss the purpose of these



Edill

meetings, but some sages fear that the reds are negotiating to purchase spelljamming helms, ships and weapons from the goblinoids. Nobody knows exactly what the reds will do if they get this equipment, but the possibilities are very disturbing.

The reds of the Diver are much more social than their terrestrial kin; however, they are still brutal and aggressive, albeit less competitive among themselves. The leader of the Diver reds is a nasty individual called Torch. The reds establish a pecking order among themselves by a system of challenges and duels—magical or melee. These duels are not supposed to be lethal, although deaths have frequently been the result.

Important NPCs

Name: Stanus
Occupation: Philosopher
STR: 20
INT: 22
DEX: 15
CHA: 20
WIS: 22
CON: 21

Although the silver dragons of Skyhaven have no government or official leader, the words and thoughts of some individuals do carry more weight than those of others. This influence is based on the individuals' intellectual achievements. The ancient silver dragon named Stanus is, by this scale, perhaps the most influential creature on Edill. Silvers and other metallics from all over the planet respect him, and listen to whatever he has to say.

Stanus is a highly skilled mage, although he prefers never having to actually use his power. One of his great loves is to create new spells—simply formulating them in his own mind—without ever trying them out. To his credit, his creations only rarely fail.

Name: Perinaura
Occupation: Logician
STR: 21
INT: 21
DEX: 16
CHA: 21
WIS: 21
CON: 20

A gold dragon who lives on Skyhaven, Perinaura is a master of logic. Although almost as intelligent as Stanus, Perinaura enjoys nowhere near the same respect—but, to be fair, she does not care. She is much less serious than the other Skyhaven dragons, enjoying jests and wordplay for their own sakes. She greatly enjoys logically arguing for a proposition until she has persuaded everybody that it is correct, then turning around and arguing just as cogently *against* it.

Name: Torch
Occupation: Leader, Diver reds
STR: 20
INT: 18
DEX: 17
CHA: 18
WIS: 19
CON: 21

The war leader of the Diver reds, Torch is a nasty, aggressive and highly intelligent red dragon. He has gained his ascendancy by overcoming—and frequently killing—any dragon who stood between him and domination of the settlement. Torch is behind the negotiations with the goblinoids for spelljamming technology.

Torch has survived over a dozen challenges to his leadership, and in six of these duels the challenger has “accidentally” and “unfortunately” met his or her demise. Needless to say, challenges to Torch's rule are less frequent now than they once were.

“There are only two kinds of neogi: the dead and the deadly.”

from a conversation with Virth Blackhand

Gnibile

PLANET NAME: Gnibile
PLANET TYPE: Spherical air body
PLANET SIZE: G
ESCAPE TIME: 12 turns
SATELLITES: None
DAY LENGTH: 30 hours
YEAR LENGTH: 64 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Undead

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	600 million miles (6 days)
Kule	590–610 million miles (5.9–6.1 days)
Raenei	570–630 million miles (5.7–6.3 days)
Liga	500–700 million miles (5–7 days)
The Grinder	400–800 million miles (4–8 days)
Edill	200–1,000 million miles (2–10 days)
Conatha	400–1,600 million miles (4–16 days)
Ginsel	900–2,100 million miles (9–21 days)
Borka	1,400–2,600 million miles (14–26 days)
Greela	2,400–3,600 million miles (24–36 days)
The Spectre	3,400–4,600 million miles (34–46 days)

Gnibile is a spherical air world, similar in structure to Edill. With a diameter of 96,000 miles, Gnibile is a little smaller than Edill, although the difference is too small to be discerned by the naked eye.

Many astrologers and astronomers from Oerth describe Gnibile and Edill as sister planets. While this description is somewhat emotionally evocative, it is also misleading. Granted, the two worlds have certain similarities: they are the two largest planets (oth-

er than the sun) in the Greyspace system; they are the only two air bodies that orbit Oerth; their structures are superficially similar; and they both orbit their primary faster than would be expected from their distance from Oerth (in other words, their years are too short).

The differences between the planets are more significant than their similarities, however. Edill is a beautiful blue world with a placid atmosphere; Gnibile is dark red in color, and its atmosphere is turbulent in the extreme. Edill is home to an advanced civilization of sentients; Gnibile supports a large population of rapacious undead. All in all, the two worlds are more like opposites than "sisters."

From space, Gnibile has a baleful red color. This comes from the unbroken outer layer of cloud that sheathes the world. The upper levels of clouds are a devil's-brew of caustic and toxic chemicals—acids, sulphides, nitrides, and other nasty compounds. The clouds are poisonous; any character who breathes them suffers 2d10 hit points of damage per round of exposure (save vs. poison for half damage; round fractions up). Further, they are so corrosive that characters exposed to them suffer a cid damage to the tune of 1d6 hit points per round (save vs. breath weapon for half damage; round fractions down). DMs who are sticklers for detail might make saving throws vs. acid for significant items carried by characters exposed to the clouds.

Note that ships, too, suffer corrosive damage from the upper clouds of Gnibile. Because they are larger, and hence exposed to more of the corrosive chemicals, ships suffer 1d2 hull points of damage per round (save vs. breath weapon for half damage; round fractions down).

The outer cloud layer is unbroken; thus there is no way for a spelljamming vessel to penetrate the depths of Gnibile without passing through the toxic gauntlet. Fortunately for explorers, the baleful red outer clouds are only 500 yards thick. This means a vessel with an SR of 1 can drop through the cloud layer in only one round. A ship with SR 2 can do it in half a round, and so on.

Gnibile's outer atmosphere is whipped into a fren-

"Any war is a series of disasters resulting in a victory."

excerpt from *Military Philosophy*
by Gen. Garanger Hardesty

Gnibile

zy by mighty storms that make Oerth hurricanes look puny by comparison. The worst of these storms are concentrated in the outer 1,000 miles of the atmosphere. In this region, when using the Weather Conditions Table on page 51 of the *Concordance of Arcane Space*, add 6 to all die rolls. Deeper into the planet, weather conditions moderate slightly, but are still highly unpleasant; add only 4 to all rolls on the Weather Conditions Table.

There are more cloud layers deeper within the planet. These are arranged concentrically, separated by between 500 and 1,500 miles of altitude. Some are unbroken, like the outer layer; others are fragmentary. Unlike the outer layer, these interior clouds are not toxic or corrosive, being composed of simple water vapor. The inner clouds are dark, dense things, resembling terrestrial thunderheads. Titanic bolts and sheets of lightning crash and flare within and between the clouds, providing virtually the only illumination within the atmosphere of Gnibile.

Gnibile has no atmosphere membrane, as does Edill. The roiling tops of the outer cloud layer represent the outer margin of the planet. Sometimes upwellings of air from storms deeper within the world drive bulges or columns of clouds miles into space. For some reason yet to be explained, the gravity field of the world extends with these prominences. Spelljamming vessels in close orbit around Gnibile should beware these upwellings.

In general, Gnibile is a cold world. Most of its atmosphere has a temperature of between 30°F and 40°F. The only exception is the outer cloud layer, where chemical reactions between its component compounds raise the temperature to about 100°F.

As with Edill, Gnibile has no core of solid matter. It does have gravity, however, which is slightly more powerful than Oerth's. (To reflect this, increase all missile weapon ranges and movement rates of flying creatures by 10%. Round fractions *up*.)

Any falling object will drop toward the geometric center of the planet, accelerating to terminal velocity. When it reaches the center, it passes right through it and flies toward the opposite limb of the planet, now *decelerating*. Because of air resistance, it does

not get quite as far from the center as the point at which it started falling. It slows to a stop, then starts falling back toward the center again. It continues this kind of oscillation until it finally comes to a stop, many cycles later, at the center. The number of cycles an object goes through will depend on the height from which it originally fell, as well as its size (and hence the amount of air friction). DMs are left to their own devices to decide how long it takes any falling object or character to come to final rest.

The previous discussion applies to an object falling from rest—for example, a clumsy character falling from a stationary ship. If the object has some forward speed when it begins to fall—a catapult stone, for example—it will go into orbit around the planet's geometric center. Because of air friction, this orbit will eventually decay, although this may take a long time.

Countless bodies of elemental material orbit within the atmosphere of Gnibile. Only two classes of elemental material are represented, however: water and earth. The water bodies are clusters of ice crystals up to a hundred yards in diameter, which inflict damage like *ice storm* spells on anything or anyone they strike. These ice clusters travel at speeds up to 1,000 yards per minute (equivalent to the top atmosphere speed of a ship with SR 2). The ice clusters usually follow quite eccentric orbits, diving down toward the center of the planet, then climbing again to pass near the outer cloud layer (or perhaps to plunge through it).

The earth bodies are roughly spherical rocks, up to two miles in diameter. They have their own gravity equal in strength to that of the planet itself, with *down* being the direction of the rock's center. These giant rocks usually follow more circular orbits, staying approximately the same distance from the planet's center. They travel at anywhere from 50 to 1,000 yards a minute.

These flying rocks are a lot warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. Some are semimolten, glowing with their own sullen, red light. These have surface temperatures in the hundreds or thousands of degrees Fahrenheit. More common, however, are

"Nobody wins a war, like nobody wins an earthquake."

from a conversation with Samn Rall

“orbiting islands” with temperatures between 80°F and 100°F. These are all volcanically active, with small volcanos, bubbling pits of volcanic mud, geysers of steam, etc. The largest are shaken constantly by tremors, while the smaller sometimes blow apart without warning from the pressures building up within them.

Some Oerth sages believe that the volcanic activity of Gnibile’s earth bodies and the apparent absence of fire bodies are connected. The fire bodies are, these sages claim, located within the cores of the earth bodies. As yet, no one has devised a practical way of proving or disproving this assertion.

Most of Gnibile’s earth bodies are inhabited by undead. Apparently all of the different types of undead are represented somewhere, from lowly ghouls right up to skeleton warriors, vampires, and liches. The largest orbiting islands have huge necropolises (cities of the dead) built on them—castles and fortresses, ruled by the most powerful undead, with the lesser types acting as servitors. Even the semi-molten earth bodies have their share of undead inhabitants: incorporeal types exclusively.

Nobody knows exactly where these undead came from. There are almost as many theories as there are commentators on the issue. Some people claim that Gnibile is the “hell” described by various Oerth religions, where the souls of sinners are sent for an eternity of torment. Certainly the violent storms, lightning-lashed cloudscapes, and volcanically-active earth bodies resemble some features from old folk tales. However, only the most superstitious actually accept this explanation.

A more acceptable theory is that, centuries or millennia ago, Gnibile was a more peaceful world, like Edill is today. The great earth bodies orbited calmly through a placid atmosphere, free of volcanic activity. The orbiting islands were inhabited by humans and demihumans who enjoyed a sophisticated civilization.

But then some catastrophe struck Gnibile. Sages differ on just what this catastrophe was: whether it was purely accidental, or whether the inhabitants of Gnibile brought their own doom down upon themselves. Whatever the case, according to this theory all of the inhabitants were killed, yet remained as undead to haunt the charnelhouse that was their world.

A third hypothesis is that the undead of Gnibile did not arise on this plane at all, but came from elsewhere through spontaneous gates and portals. Few



sages can argue that the world of Gnibile does have a strong connection with the negative material plane. Spontaneous gates frequently open in the atmosphere of Gnibile, giving access to this plane of death. It is possible that the undead actually came through such portals, willingly or not, to occupy the air world.

In addition to the undead, Gnibile is home to a unique type of creature: the porton. This large creature, described on page 95, has the ability to open gates to the negative quasi-elemental planes.

Ports of Call: The largest earth body orbiting within Gnibile is about two miles in diameter, and follows a perfectly circular orbit 10 miles below the outer cloud layer. Its inhabitants seem to have no name for it, although explorers have labeled it with various evocative terms—“Deathwatch” and “Necros” are the two most common names. Built on the surface of the rock is a massive city, bleak and forbidding, with a great castle at its center. The city of Deathwatch is home to several thousand undead, ranging in power from ghouls up to the ruler of the necropolis, a warrior-lich named Samanda. There is no water on Deathwatch, and so nowhere for water-capable ships to put down. Outside the city there is a landing field on which are kept Samanda’s fleet of 12 spelljamming vessels (all “acquired” from explorers foolish

“The wages of sin are pretty good, actually.
It’s the retirement plan that’s lousy.”

from a conversation with Alliya Makabuck, Halflings Inc.

Gnibile

enough to come too close to the earth body).

Resources/Trade: Gnibile has no significant resources. Predictably, the undead are totally uninterested in trade.

Government/Lifestyle: Samanda is the ultimate ruler of Deathwatch. All inhabitants of the city follow her—whether out of loyalty or fear depends on the individual. Samanda has ruled the city for centuries, during which time she has expanded her knowledge of magic to a frightening degree. Today, however, magical research no longer fascinates her as it once did, and she seeks new challenges. Her current plan is to dominate as many of the other earth bodies as she can, and then spread her influence off-planet and throughout the rest of Greyspace. She is doing what she can to acquire as many spelljamming vessels as possible. When explorers bring their ships too close to Deathwatch, she sends assault groups of incorporeal undead to overwhelm the crew, and terrorize the helmsman into landing the vessel. Once the ship is down safely, the boarders kill everyone aboard, turning them into lesser undead.

When she acquired her first ship, Samanda encountered a major problem: she was the only inhabitant of Deathwatch who could use a normal helm. Obviously, this limited her ambitions. Over the decades, however, she has solved the problem, developing a variant of the neogi lifejammer. This helm operates on the negative planar energy of undead placed within it, eventually draining the victims until they cease to exist. Samanda has no shortage of undead, and predictably feels no qualms about destroying her slaves to further her own ends.

To this point, Samanda has used her vessels only within the atmosphere of Gnibile, waiting until her fleet is larger to send them out into the greater universe. Observers fear that the day will soon arrive when the warrior-lich decides to move outward from Gnibile.

Important NPCs

Name: Samanda

Occupation: Lich-Queen of Deathwatch

STR: 17

INT: 19

DEX: 12

CHA: 16

WIS: 11

CON: —

In life, Samanda was a beautiful woman in her middle years: tall and slender, with long red hair and alabaster skin. Today, her chalk-white skin is stretched tightly over her bones, making her face look like a grinning skull. Her hair has fallen out in patches, and looks coarse and dusty. She is exceptionally strong, despite the fact that she does not have bulging muscles.

Samanda cares for no one but herself, and will sacrifice anyone and anything to get what she wants. Currently, what she wants is ultimate power—over Gnibile, and eventually over the whole of Greyspace.

She is a 12th-level warrior/19th-level mage. Over the centuries, she has created hundreds of magic items, many of them unique.

"It's better to be a coward for a minute than be dead
for the rest of your life."

from a conversation with Alliya Makabuck, Halflings Inc.

Conatha

PLANET NAME: Conatha
PLANET TYPE: Elliptical water body
PLANET SIZE: C
ESCAPE TIME: 2 turns
SATELLITES: None
DAY LENGTH: 36 hours
YEAR LENGTH: 120 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Sahuagin; merman; other aquatic creatures

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	1,000 million miles (10 days)
Kule	990–1,010 million miles (9.9–10.1 days)
Raenei	970–1,030 million miles (9.7–10.3 days)
Liga	900–1,100 million miles (9–11 days)
The Grinder	800–1,200 million miles (8–12 days)
Edill	400–1,600 million miles (4–16 days)
Gnibile	600–1,400 million miles (6–14 days)
Ginsel	500–2,500 million miles (5–25 days)
Borka	1,000–3,000 million miles (10–30 days)
Greela	2,000–4,000 million miles (20–40 days)
The Spectre	3,000–5,000 million miles (30–50 days)

Conatha is an elliptical water body, 800 miles along its major axis and 600 miles along its minor. It tumbles end-over-end as it orbits around Oerth, the plane of its tumble a perfect tangent to its roughly circular orbit. Although strictly a water world, Conatha does have an atmosphere five miles deep, with about the same pressure and oxygen content as Oerth's atmosphere. This thin layer of air is perfectly

clear, with no clouds or other signs of weather, and is never stirred by winds.

The surface of Conatha's salt ocean is smooth and flat, since there is no weather to stir up waves. If there was ever a wind to fill a ship's sails, the surface of Conatha would be a sailor's dream. Even though there are never any waves or storms, navigating the surface of Conatha is still relatively risky. As Conatha tumbles in its orbit around Oerth, the light of Liga heats the water unevenly. This causes currents that flow from the daytime side, which is warmer, to the cooler nighttime side, and vice versa. These currents form rivers that flow rapidly through the otherwise-stationary ocean, at speeds of up to 20 knots. A ship that strays into one of these currents can get swept far off course before its crew can extricate it from the "river" once again. Characters with the nonweapon proficiency of Sailing or Navigation have a percentage chance equal to three times their intelligence of spotting one of these currents from a distance—hopefully before their ship enters it. (Thus an experienced sailor with an intelligence of 15 has a 45% chance of spotting such a current.) Characters without a relevant nonweapon proficiency have no chance of spotting a current.

These currents are strongest and fastest at the surface of Conatha. The deeper one goes into the planetary ocean, the slower and weaker they become, and the less commonly they are encountered. At the center of the planet, there are no such currents at all.

A ship that sails into a high-speed current, without proper precautions being taken, can suffer serious damage. If the DM determines a ship has sailed into a current without the captain or crew spotting the current first, the ship suffers 1d8–3 Hull Points of damage.

Conatha has no islands or other land surfaces that show above the surface of the waters. There are two earth bodies deep within the planet, however, about 100 miles apart. These are rough spheres of rock, about 10 miles in diameter, positioned at the two foci of the ellipse that is Conatha. They orbit around a central point once every 36 hours. It is because of this that Conatha tumbles. These earth bodies are

"Whoever said 'Crime doesn't pay' wasn't doing it right."

from a conversation with Alliya Makabuck, Halflings Inc.

Conatha

mainly solid, although the outer mile or two is riddled with networks of caves and caverns. They are coated with thick layers of biological slime and ooze, much of which is bioluminescent. This makes them glow with a cold blue-green light, brightly enough to illuminate the otherwise-black depths of the planet. Tiny bioluminescent creatures similar to plankton float freely in the salt waters. Because of them, the entire planet is illuminated at a level equal to starlight on the surface of Oerth.

Conatha has a strong and vibrant ecology. At the bottom of the food chain are many species of plankton, molds and almost-microscopic shrimp; at the top are several sentient creatures. In between lies a profusion of fish, ranging in size from harmless minnows to oversized and highly aggressive barracuda and shark analogues, and several species of aquatic mammals. There are thought to be six distinct species of whales native to Conatha. Three are almost identical to terrestrial blue, sperm and killer whales. The other three are unique to Conatha. The most interesting of these, and the largest, is the Conathan Leviathan, an aggressive predator some 200 yards long that feeds on blue whales and other large prey. (The Conathan Leviathan is basically identical to the Leviathan [Whale] described in the *Monstrous Compendium Volume 2*, except that it is not unique, travels in family pods of 1-3, and is AL N[E].) The most intelligent whale species on Conatha is unique to the planet—a relatively small creature resembling an undersized killer whale. It has an Intelligence of 7, and can understand spoken languages. (Because of physical limitations, it cannot speak any human, demihuman or humanoid tongue, however.)

The water world is home to two small communities of mermen. These creatures are identical in all respects to the mermen to be found elsewhere in the universe; nevertheless, they claim that they evolved on Conatha. The mermen live in the depths of the planet, making their homes in the caverns and chambers that riddle the two earth bodies. The two communities are very distinct and independent, with individuals only very rarely straying more than a couple of miles from their home caverns. In the past,

there was more communication and cooperation between the two societies; however, this has faded. The ugly fact is that any merman who wanders away from the protection of home will almost certainly be killed by the other sentient inhabitants of Conatha.

The other sentient race is the sahuagin. There are thousands, perhaps millions, of these vicious and rapacious creatures living in the oceans of Conatha. Certain sages believe that the “devil-men of the deep” did not arise naturally on Conatha, but were transplanted here in the distant past—perhaps as part of some misguided biology experiment. The sahuagin themselves do not know, and simply could not care. Intellectual and historical speculation is far beyond their ken. All that interests them is territoriality, aggression and simple-minded brutality.

Sahuagin Kingdoms

The sahuagin have formed half a dozen major kingdoms throughout Conatha, and maybe a dozen smaller principalities. (These terms are somewhat misleading, implying as they do a level of order foreign to the Conatha sahuagin.) The most important of these kingdoms are called *Zuplisti*, *X'kabantun*, *St'kils*, *K'klosh* and *L'k'stiz* (all transliterated from the sahuagin tongue). The regions of the planet staked out by these kingdoms are shown on the accompanying map.

The devil-men of Conatha are, if anything, even more aggressive and territorial than their kin elsewhere in the universe. Each sahuagin kingdom has only one interest—to dominate or destroy all the other kingdoms on the planet. This has turned the entire world into a war zone. Almost all of the kingdoms are simultaneously at war with the others. Occasionally, one nation will strike a bargain or form an alliance with another; but such is the personality of the Conatha sahuagin that the signatories to such an alliance will hardly have left the meeting before they start trying to betray their erstwhile allies.

Ports of Call: Since there are no islands or continents on Conatha, only water-capable vessels can

“Anyone who has never stared at the star-studded night sky with awestruck wonder has no soul.”

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot

Conatha

put down on the planet. Landing is dangerous for various reasons. Firstly, inexperienced seamen can easily get their vessel swamped when it drifts into a strong current. Secondly, and more importantly, the natives of Conatha would be only too glad to chew up any visiting vessel. The leviathans have a tendency of rising to a landing vessel like a trout to a mayfly, and are capable of swallowing even a Hammership whole. And the sahuagin will certainly take an unhealthy notice of a spelljamming vessel. The average raiding party will simply attack a ship, just to kill its crew and destroy it—on principle, as it were. More intelligent individuals might try to take over the ship, hoping to use it to gain some kind of advantage over their rivals.

Resources/Trade: The earth bodies at the foci of Conatha are rich with minerals and ores. The mermen who live in and around them have no interest in such material wealth, however—all they really care about is fighting off raiding sahuagin and keeping themselves alive. Visitors to Conatha might potentially be able to strike a lucrative deal with the mermen, getting mineral wealth in return for protection, or for weapons or equipment the mermen could use to defend themselves from sahuagin in attacks. So far, no group has managed to set up such a trade arrangement, however. Not that nobody has tried but, unfortunately, the brave souls who attempted it were either driven off or killed by the sahuagin.

Brave adventurers would be well advised to bring heavy weaponry or magic that will work underwater—plus the requisite magic to allow them to breathe, of course.

Government/Lifestyle: The two earth bodies are known, in the mermen tongue, as *Loquasti* and *Varanais* ("Security" and "Vigilance"). The two merman societies have taken the same names. Both have democratically elected governments, which place a high value on personal rights and freedoms—in the abstract, at least. Unfortunately, the ugly truth of the matter is that various sahuagin kingdoms are right next door, and always making probing raids against

the merman nations. The people of *Loquasti* and *Varanais* learned long ago that the price of security and freedom, and survival itself, is eternal vigilance. As a consequence, the governments sometimes must enforce a form of War Measures Act that constrains the individual freedoms of their citizens more than they might like. While most of the mermen understand the necessity, there is, predictably, a small minority that chafes under these unwarranted and coercive laws.

The mermen have, over the centuries, become very xenophobic. Anyone who is not a merman is a potential ally of the hated sahuagin, they believe, and hence not to be trusted. The mermen of Conatha have developed a fierce pride and sense of self-sufficiency that would seem very familiar to the Israelis of Earth. The elected leaders of both nations are somewhat short-sighted when it comes to guaranteeing long-term security for their peoples. On several occasions, visitors possessed of powerful magics have visited the depths. Instead of seeing these explorers as potential allies, who could provide them with the weapons they need to hold off the sahuagin forever, the mermen saw them as threats, and drove them away.

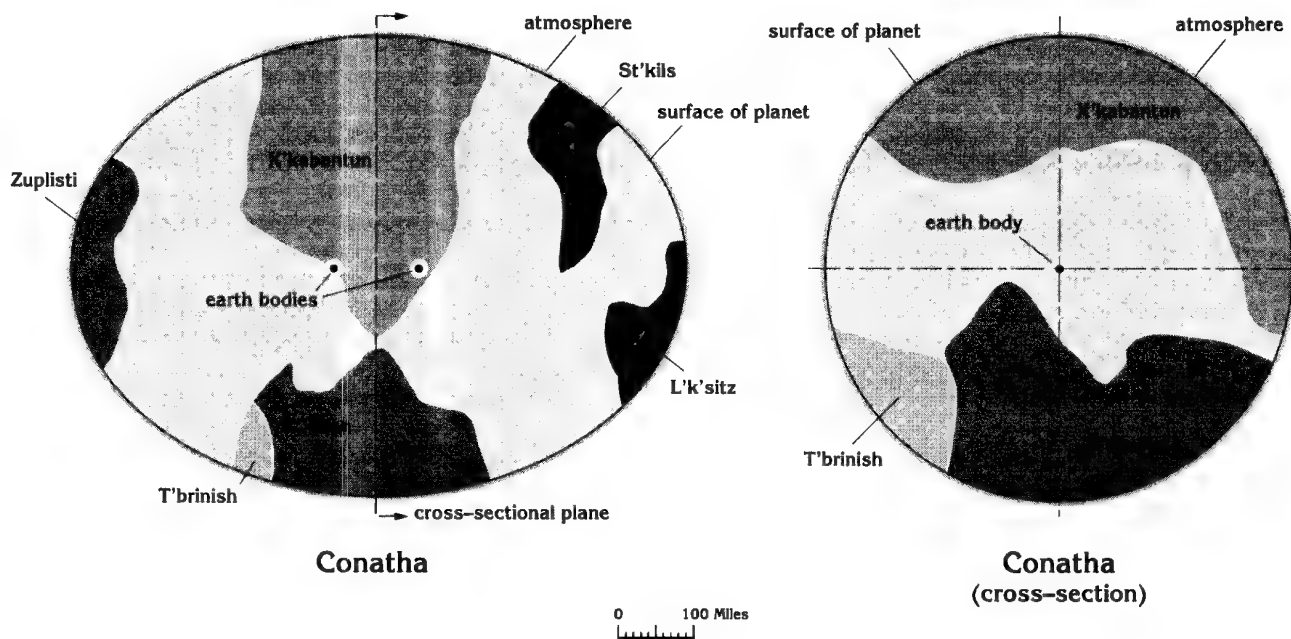
The nature of the sahuagin kingdoms is just what one would expect from such a rapacious race: massive war-bands led by the most fearsome warriors, with the pecking order defined through personal combat. The sahuagin of Conatha believe that only the strong of their race should survive. To guarantee this, every nation has developed some form of testing that every individual must undergo. Only the most robust and competent subjects can survive the testing. The "survival-of-the-fittest" concept is extended by the ongoing warfare between kingdoms. This represents an even more extreme set of tests, guaranteeing that those sahuagin who have survived for more than a few years after maturity are the most vicious, lethal and resilient examples of their race.

Currently, the largest and most influential kingdom is the *X'kabantun*, in the north polar region of Conatha. This nation actually comprises five smaller tribes, each with its own leader. These tribes are held

"The greatest ocean of them all is the void between the planets.
All others are mere bagatelles."

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot

Sahuagin "Kingdoms"



together in an uneasy alliance by an incredibly vicious and charismatic (for sahuagin) war-chief predictably named X'kabantun. The second largest kingdom is the *K'klosh*, the most hated rival of the *X'kabantun*. The war between these two nations has raged full force for decades, costing hundreds of thousands of lives, and there is no hint that things will die down any time soon.

The nation of *T'brinish* is something new on the face of Conatha. It is a relatively new and relatively small sahuagin nation, claiming limited territory near the south polar region, bordering on the *K'klosh* region. So far, its influence is limited to perhaps half a dozen other small nations with which it has formed allegiances. And it is that which makes *T'brinish* unique: its leader T'brinish *sticks to* allegiances and

deals he makes with other groups. At first, this led to his nation getting taken advantage of many times. But slowly the fact is percolating through the brains of his neighbors that sometimes there is more benefit in sticking to an agreement than in breaking it at the first opportunity. As they realize this, the warlords of the neighboring nations are entering into more non-aggression pacts with T'brinish. There is still a long way to go, but it seems that T'brinish is slowly creating something that was previously thought to be impossible: a stable alliance of independent sahuagin nations, working toward a single goal without significant in-fighting. If this trend continues, the alliance forming around *T'brinish* will eventually be large and powerful enough to challenge even the *X'kabantun* for dominance.

"Kill a single man, they call you murderer. Kill a hundred thousand, they call you hero."

from a conversation with Virth Blackhand

Conatha

Important NPCs

Name: Rendal
Occupation: Prime Minister of Varanais
STR: 13
INT: 15
DEX: 11
CHA: 18
WIS: 13
CON: 11

Rendal is the elected leader of the merman nation of *Varanais*. He is hard and competent, a consummate politician with an unerring instinct for how the people feel about any significant issue. Although he plays the political game as seriously as the self-aggrandizing fools who want power for its own sake, Rendal does so for the best of reasons. He truly believes that he is the merman best suited to lead the *Varanais* nation, to defend them from the sahuagin threat.

Rendal regrets the War Measures Acts he has been forced to bring in. He empathizes with those who feel that the government is infringing on their personal rights. But, whether or not he understands their feelings, he cannot let them sway him. He believes wholeheartedly that the survival of his people is at stake, and that—in comparison to this—the loss of a few rights and freedoms is unimportant.

He hates and fears anything that might destabilize the “balance of power” between the merman and the sahuagin. He distrusts strangers, and this distrust will prevent him from making treaties with off-world adventurers who might help him settle the sahuagin threat once and for all.

Name: X'kabantun
Occupation: Warlord of X'kabantun
STR: 15
INT: 8
DEX: 14
CHA: 9
WIS: 7
CON: 14

X'kabantun is a sahuagin in his middle years, a vicious warrior and an aggressive warlord. He is the ruler of the largest and most powerful sahuagin kingdom on the face of Conatha which, according to devil-man tradition, is named after him. Although not intelligent, X'kabantun has a great degree of sly cunning. He can sense and identify weaknesses in any enemy or ally, can determine what it is that most scares a rival, and then threaten to bring it about. X'kabantun knows that the spelljamming vessels that occasionally land on Conatha come from other worlds, but he does not have a sophisticated enough worldview to realize what this really means.

Name: T'brinish
Occupation: Warlord of T'brinish
STR: 14
INT: 15
DEX: 12
CHA: 11
WIS: 8
CON: 12

Younger than X'kabantun, T'brinish is a genius among sahuagin. He is still a lethal warrior—otherwise he would never have become warlord—but his intellect makes him the most deadly sahuagin on Conatha. He has figured out for himself that sometimes *keeping* a bargain is more advantageous than defaulting, and has taught this fact by example to neighboring leaders.

As if this revelation were not significant enough, T'brinish has realized that the infrequent off-planet visitors represent more than just convenient sources of food. He does not understand anything at all about spelljamming technology, but he does vaguely comprehend that ships like these—and their weapons—might give him some major edge in his ongoing wars.

"I prefer crooks to idiots, because crooks sometimes take a day off."
from a conversation with Alliya Makabuck, Halflings Inc.

Ginsel

PLANET NAME:	Ginsel
PLANET TYPE:	Crescent-shaped earth body
PLANET SIZE:	C
ESCAPE TIME:	2 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	28 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	180 months
POPULATION	
ANALYSIS:	Predominantly humans, with some demihumans

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	1,500 million miles (15 days)
Kule	1,490–1,510 million miles (14.9–15.1 days)
Raenei	1,470–1,530 million miles (14.7–15.3 days)
Liga	1,400–1,600 million miles (14–16 days)
The Grinder	1,300–1,700 million miles (13–17 days)
Edill	1,100–1,900 million miles (11–19 days)
Gnibile	900–2,100 million miles (9–21 days)
Conatha	500–2,500 million miles (5–25 days)
Borka	500–3,500 million miles (5–35 days)
Greela	1,500–4,500 million miles (15–45 days)
The Spectre	2,500–5,500 million miles (25–55 days)

Ginsel is a crescent-shaped planet, resembling a sphere out of which a large bite has been taken. The two points of the crescent are the north and south poles of the world. It rotates around an axis running through the poles, which makes it look like it wobbles wildly through space. When it is viewed from edge-on, it appears like a perfect crescent moon. When viewed face-on, however, it looks like an el-

lipse. Gravity and atmosphere continue around the inner face of the crescent, within the bite as well as around the outer surface. The edge of the "Bite" (as the inhabitants of Ginsel call the interior of the crescent) is sharp and regular, as though the planet had been cut with a scalpel. There are no settlements along the edge (called the "Brink") because people find it too disturbing to look at. Actually crossing the Brink is even more disturbing, because the two faces of the planet meet at an angle of more than 90°, yet both planes seem flat to someone standing on them. The sudden change in gravity on crossing the Brink is drastic enough to make an individual nauseous for 1d4 rounds (–2 to hit; save vs. poison to avoid the effect). It is impossible to fire an arrow or any missile weapon accurately across the Brink.

Ginsel has a breathable atmosphere that extends 20 miles from the planet's surface. This atmosphere has slightly more oxygen than that of Oerth, which makes all fires burn 10% larger than on the system's primary. (This increases the radius of *fireballs* and other fire attacks by 10%, but does not increase damage.) The gravity is exactly Oerth-normal.

Climate on Ginsel is very similar to that of Oerth, ranging from sub-tropical at the equator to cold temperate at the poles. Along the outer surface and within the Bite, weather patterns are much like those of Oerth. Along the Brink, however, weather is much more violent, with high winds and lightning storms lashing the rocky edge. (Within 10 miles of the Brink, when using the Weather Conditions Table on page 51 of the *Concordance of Arcane Space*, add 3 to all die rolls.) Weather and temperature vary depending on the season, as on Oerth. It is important to recall that a Ginsel year is *180 months long*, however, so each season will last almost four Oerth years.

Ginsel has much the same range of terrain and geographical features as Oerth. There are oceans—the largest considerably smaller than Oerth's Azure Sea—mountain ranges, swamps, even several small deserts. However, the majority of Ginsel's surface is covered with rolling grasslands, gentle hills, and expansive deciduous forests. It is a beautiful world, untroubled by earthquakes or other forms of volcanic

"He who blindly abides by all agreements is as foolish as he who
blindly breaks all agreements."

from a conversation with His Resplendence, Wieckens IX,
king of Yendoril

activity. It has a very faint magnetic field, just strong enough to allow for compass navigation.

Ginsel has a pole-to-pole diameter of almost exactly 1,000 miles. Its surface area is just over 3 million square miles, of which 25% is water.

The more rugged areas of Ginsel—those areas near the poles and along the Brink—are home to various monstrous creatures that generally are unintelligent. Ankhegs and bullettes are relatively common, as are otyughs, purple worms and various species of giant beetles. Undead of various types are sometimes encountered, but they are much less common. Sometimes these monsters stray into the inhabited regions of Ginsel, but this is rare. Over the centuries, even the most stupid creatures have learned that to wander into cultivated farmland—or worse, into towns or cities—is to court instant death. (Those that have not learned have died.) Most of the Ginsel nations, described in more detail below, have standing armies with orders to eliminate on sight any monster that wanders into populated territory.

Ginsel National Boundaries

Ginsel is home to more than three million humans, with a smattering of demihumans thrown in for good measure. These millions are divided into more than two dozen political entities: kingdoms, principalities, city-states, etc. They range in size from the Kingdom of Yendoril—the largest nation, which controls perhaps one quarter of the Bite—to the Duchy of Snyex—the smallest, a single town with a population under 10,000 with a small region of farmland. These nations are relatively advanced and sophisticated, at about the same level of development as the more civilized nations of Oerth. (In other words, they are similar to the nations of Europe during the late Middle Ages.) For this reason, most analysts consider Ginsel to be the second most civilized world in the Greyspace system, after Oerth itself.

The nations of Ginsel are embroiled in diplomatic and political conflicts that make the Italy of Machiavelli seem a placid, united society in comparison. With less than one-sixtieth the surface area of

Oerth, Ginsel is not a large world, which makes for intense competition over territory.

While nations occasionally go to war for new land, or for some other less tangible benefit, the conflict usually stays well below the level of out-and-out warfare. Countries compete economically, diplomatically and in terms of their image on the world stage. Why enter a war that one may lose when it is just as effective, and more satisfying, to force a rival into a crushing trade deficit, upset its relationships with its neighbors, and humiliate its leadership in the eyes of everyone else on the planet? This is how the leaders of the Ginsel nations view competition.

When it comes to playing out this competition, absolutely anything goes: suborning or assassinating members of a rival government, signing treaties with other nations (and then breaking them), interfering with trade—all are considered acceptable. Any ruler who does not take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself would be considered unfit to rule.

Lasting allegiances *do* exist, but only when both parties have more to gain by keeping to a treaty than by breaking it.

Ports of Call: Tarvin, the capital of the Kingdom of Yendoril, is the largest city on Ginsel, with a population of more than 50,000. It is located on the Bite, along the shore of the Mountainfast Sea. As well as being arguably the most important city on the planet, it is definitely the busiest spelljamming port. Vessels from throughout Greyspace and from other crystal spheres are frequently seen in its natural harbor, or resting on the landing fields outside the city's walls. Yendoril has its own trading fleet, but these vessels (which make Tarvin their base) number fewer than two dozen. So many off-planet ships land at Tarvin that the city has developed a healthy spelljamming infrastructure—in other words, there are many successful businesses that depend entirely on spelljamming traffic for their existence. Visitors to Tarvin will have no trouble locating supplies, repairs, even potential crewmembers.

Smaller but still a major port is Gord City, on the coast of the Palema Sea on the outer surface of Gin-

"Honesty is the best image."
from a conversation with Prince Hael of Costopen

Ginsel

sel. With a population of less than 20,000, support services for spelljamming vessels are still available, but there are fewer competing businesses to choose from. As with Tarvin, Gord City has facilities for ships that make ground or water landings.

The third most important spelljamming port is, surprisingly, the town of Costepen, capital of the nation with the same name. Costepen is a relatively small town of no more than 15,000 people, but many off-planet traders put it on their list of ports of call. There is no nearby body of water, so only those ships that can make ground landings can put in. For those that make the effort, however, the rewards can be great. Although relatively small as Ginsel nations go, Costepen is one of the richest in terms of natural resources. Its strong economy depends almost exclusively on trade, and the merchant families who run the city enjoy dealing with off-planet traders—largely because they consider them easier to fleece than their Ginsel counterparts.

Most of the other important nations on the face of Ginsel—Vasta, Bria, Liressian, Glantrust, and Zin to name several—have at least one city that they describe as a spelljamming port. This is largely self-aggrandizement, however. Few of these so-called “ports” have the facilities spacefarers look for when they make landfall.

Resources/Trade: Relatively speaking, Ginsel is slightly better endowed with natural resources than is Oerth. In absolute terms, however, the much greater size of Oerth guarantees that the primary is and will always be the center of trade in Greyspace.

Ginsel had rich deposits of heavy metals and rare ores. Over the centuries, however, the competing nations discovered and mined most of these deposits, and most ore lodes are now largely played out. This does not mean that Ginsel is metal-poor, however. Much of the planet’s measure of metal is in use, which requires that a form of recycling be enforced.

Whatever process or catastrophe shaped Ginsel into its present form had a strange effect on the planet’s geology. Forms of hard, metamorphic rock similar to marble are native to Ginsel the likes of

which have never been seen anywhere in the universe. These types of rock, incorrectly called Ginsel marble, are breathtakingly beautiful when quarried correctly and polished to a sheen. The rock itself has a pink, magenta or even purple sheen, and is shot through with veins and inclusions of fool’s-gold and other crystalline metals. The nation of Costepen, which has the largest quarries, has based its vibrant economy largely on the selling of Ginsel marble to spacefaring traders. From Ginsel, the rock has been taken to distant worlds where it commands a king’s ransom. Rumors claim that one entire wall of the palace in the city of Rauthaven on Toril is made of Ginsel marble; knowledgeable stoneworkers deny that this is possible, since the value of so much rock would be almost immeasurable.

The nations that surround the freshwater Walrest Lake on Ginsel’s outer surface owe much of their wealth to large deposits of diamonds and emeralds found in the lake’s shallows. Nobody knows exactly how these gems came to be formed, but nobody can argue with the fact of their existence.

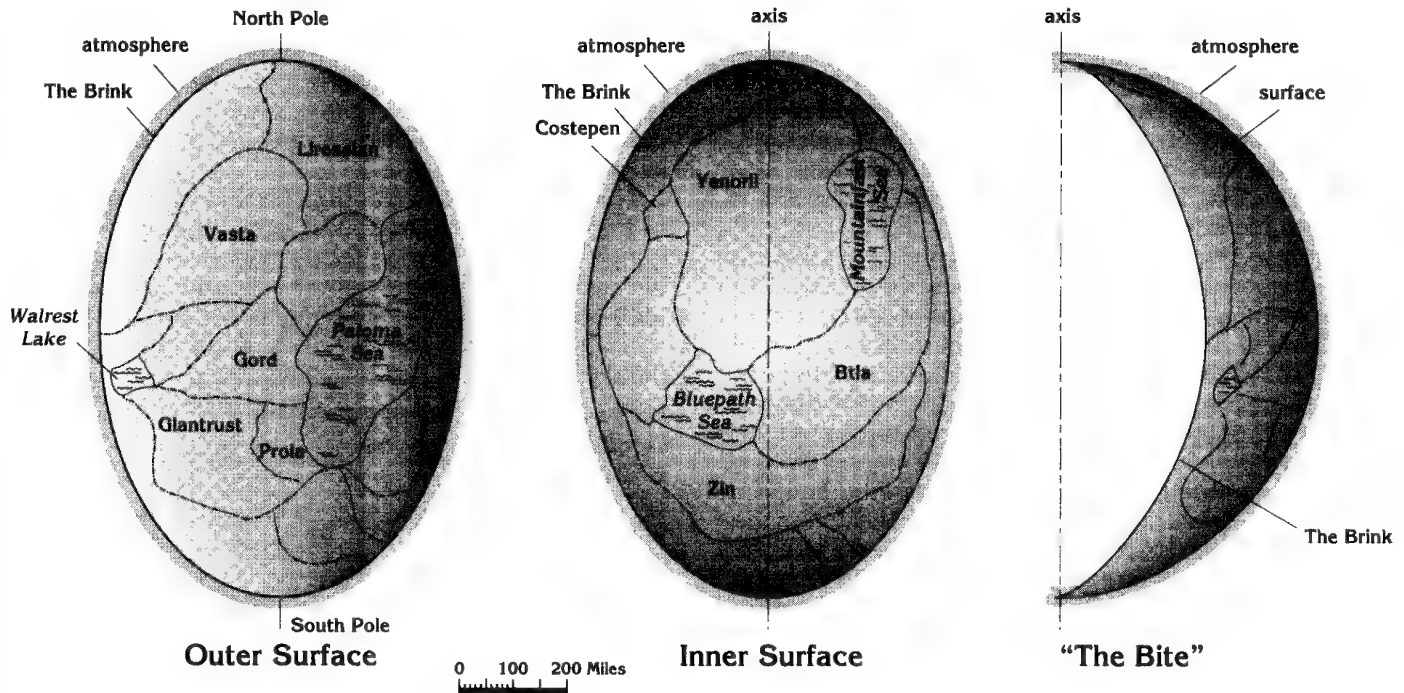
Whether carried out with other nations or with other worlds, trade is the life-blood of most Ginsel countries. Because of this, merchants and traders are highly respected in most lands. Although in only a few lands are merchants members of the aristocracy, throughout Ginsel they enjoy wealth and prestige well beyond the comprehension of the common citizens. In lands like Costepen, the merchant class is only slightly less influential than the ruling class. The rulers seem to feel no jealousy or worry about this. They recognize that a skilled and loyal merchant class is more valuable than a huge army in their economic warfare with neighboring countries, and treat the traders in a way that reflects this.

The merchants and traders of Ginsel are known throughout the universe—known, respected, loved, feared and hated, depending on which side of the bargaining table the speaker happens to sit. Ginsel merchants are reputed to be the most persuasive mortals in existence. According to a joke making the rounds of the spaceways, a Ginsel merchant can convince you to cut your heart out and give it to him,

“Politics is the only worthy game for adults.”

from a conversation with Prince Hael of Costepen

Ginsel National Boundries



then make you pay for the privilege of bleeding. Throughout the universe "as canny as a Ginsel merchant" is a high compliment among merchants. Visitors to Ginsel should be forewarned that, while the best of the planet's traders are probably off selling a crystal sphere somewhere, the second string left at home are barely less competent. Characters who conclude a deal with a Ginsel merchant would be well advised to count their change afterward—and then count their fingers.

Government/Lifestyle: Most of the nations of Ginsel are ruled by some form of hereditary aristocracy. The actual trappings vary from country to country, as do the names used for the ruler or rulers—king, duke, prince, *Capo*, etc.—but the situation is almost always the same: power is concentrated in one individual, or perhaps one family, and is passed on within a single bloodline. Virtually the only exception to

this is when one aristocratic ruling family is killed or driven from power, and the throne is usurped by another group.

A small nation known as Prola appears, at first glance, to be the exception to the above. Prola is ruled by a democratically-elected government—or so the government claims. Every five years, all citizens of Prola cast their votes for the individual they wish to rule as their president. Each citizen has at least one vote: land-owners have between two and ten each, depending on the amount of land they own; members of "heritage families" (a democratic term for aristocrats) have as many as 12 votes each; and it is not public knowledge how many votes the principals of Prola's trading companies may have. The process of the voting is apparently fair and impartial—so much so that few can argue when the same president, or his selected designate, wins yet again.

Yendoril is ruled by a hereditary monarch, referred

"A kind word and a knife in the back get you more than a kind word."

Ginsel aphorism

Ginsel

to officially as the King Resplendent. The monarch is assisted by a council of advisors, all members of a hereditary aristocracy. The actual power wielded by the king varies from time to time, depending largely on the personal abilities of the monarch. At the moment, the king is strong, and the advisors are subservient to his will.

Costepen is ruled by a hereditary monarch as well, although he is referred to as a prince, not a king. The Prince of Costepen can select for himself a group of advisors or ministers to assist him, but is not obliged to do so—by the nation's laws, at least. Traditionally, however, power struggles and compromises between the aristocracy and the royal family have forced the prince into picking a group of ministers from among the most influential bloodlines. The current prince has, over the last several years of his rule, broken the power of the aristocracy, and recently dismissed the advisers his father saddled him with on his ascension to the throne. The upper strata of Costepen society is currently a hotbed of plotting and subversion, as the aristocrats struggle to regain their ascendancy. Some Costepen nobles are thought to be making overtures to the leaders of Liressian, near Costepen over the Brink, to support them in a coup d'état.

Liressian itself is officially another principality, but this is in name only. The prince actually shares the responsibilities and authority of rule with the heads of 12 aristocratic families. The prince is the figurehead, but does not have significantly more power than any other member of the ruling council. The aristocrats of Liressian naturally feel empathy for the aristocrats of Costepen, and so are not averse to helping with their intended coup. The only matters still to be discussed are those of timing and tactics, and exactly what Liressian will be receiving in exchange for help. Liressian itself is said to be negotiating with a certain group of spacefarers—reputedly the piratic Black Company, although this has not been confirmed—for help in destabilizing the economy of Yendoril, Liressian's major rival.

Prominent Land Features: Ginsel has four major bodies of water. The Palema Sea, on the planet's out-

er face, is the largest. The Mountainfast Sea is the largest body of water on the Bite, and the second largest overall, with the Bluepath Sea coming in a close third. Walrest Lake, on the outer face, is the largest freshwater lake.

The largest mountain range frames the north end of the Mountainfast Sea, and is called the Seahold Range. There are several other mountain ranges on the outer face, but these are much smaller than the Seaholds.

Important NPCs

Name: "His Resplendence" Wiekens IX

Occupation: King of Yendoril

STR: 13

INT: 17

DEX: 11

CHA: 17

WIS: 15

CON: 13

Wiekens IX is a handsome man in his early 50s, of mid-height with broad shoulders, and silver hair that seems mismatched with the boyish charm of his face. His quick smile and friendly manner covers a ruthless nature, however. The ninth of his line, Wiekens is undoubtedly the strongest. While his forefathers were more or less dominated by their advisors, this Wiekens has put his ministers and counselors in their place. They still enjoy all the perks that come with their positions, but Wiekens pays as much attention to their advice as he would to the mewling of a basketful of kittens.

This seems to be a particularly placid time for the kingdom of Yendoril. It is at war with no one, and the level of intrigue and international chicanery seems to be at an all-time low. So things seem to appear, anyway.

Without the knowledge of his citizens or his ministers, Wiekens is engaged in intense negotiations with several nations throughout the Bite, currying favor and playing them off against each other. On the international stage, Wiekens frequently plays the

"The best way to keep your word is never to give it."

Ginsel aphorism



roll of the bumbling buffoon, which goes a long way to lulling his rivals into a false sense of security.

Name: Prince Hael

Occupation: Prince of Costepen

STR: 14

INT: 15

DEX: 12

CHA: 15

WIS: 11

CON: 12

Prince Hael is a vibrant, energetic man in his late 20s. He took the throne when his father died in a tragic hunting accident. (There are many in Costepen who believe Hael helped his father slough off this mortal coil, but it is not overly wise to discuss this openly.) He is about 5'5" tall, with short, black hair and dark brown eyes. His face is rugged, all

planes and angles, and usually bears a hard, heartless expression.

Hael is a cold, conniving manipulator—and proud of it. He loves the power of rulership, and believes that he wields it well. (Many of his common citizens and all of Costepen's aristocracy would disagree with him on this, however.) He has increased the taxes on international trade, filling the country's coffers, and simultaneously turning the merchants against him, and then spending the money on various diplomatic missions. Hael believes he is a great statesman and diplomat, and the evidence does seem to bear him out on this. He has struck a number of innovative trade deals, and has formed a power bloc with Zin, Prola, and Bria. Given more time, he might realize that his poor handling of internal affairs more than outweighs his international successes. The aristocracy, however, is unlikely to give him that time before staging their coup d'etat.

"All truths are half-truths."

Ginsel aphorism

Borka

PLANET NAME:	Borka
PLANET TYPE:	Cluster earth body
PLANET SIZE:	A
ESCAPE TIME:	1 turn
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	Varies
YEAR LENGTH:	240 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Orcs, goblins, and other humanoids

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	2,000 million miles (20 days)
Kule	1,990–2,010 million miles (19.9–20.1 days)
Raenei	1,970–2,030 million miles (19.7–20.3 days)
Liga	1,900–2,100 million miles (19–21 days)
The Grinder	1,800–2,200 million miles (18–22 days)
Edill	1,600–2,400 million miles (16–24 days)
Gnibile	1,400–2,600 million miles (14–26 days)
Conatha	1,000–3,000 million miles (10–30 days)
Ginsel	500–3,500 million miles (5–35 days)
Greela	1,000–5,000 million miles (10–50 days)
The Spectre	2,000–6,000 million miles (20–60 days)

Borka is a cluster of several thousand rocks enclosed in one common atmosphere envelope. Individual rocks range in size from less than 500 yards in diameter to almost 10 miles in diameter. (Thus each rock that comprises Borka is a body of size A.) Some rocks are roughly spherical; others are completely irregular. The cluster itself is roughly spherical—at least, the atmosphere envelope is—and is about

5,000 miles in diameter. The average separation between individual rocks is on the order of 500 hundred yards. Most of the rocks making up Borka are toward the smaller end of the size scale, putting the average size at less than one mile in diameter. There are perhaps 50 major rocks within Borka, where “major” connotes a diameter of over five miles.

Each rock within Borka has its own gravity, with “down” being the direction toward its center of mass. (For really irregular rocks, this can lead to some bizarre situations, of course.) The strength of this gravity field varies from rock to rock and, interestingly enough, seems to have no relationship to the rock’s mass. There is one rock about 800 yards in diameter that has a gravity twice Oerth normal, while a major rock has a gravity field less than one-half Oerth normal. Generally speaking, a rock’s gravity field extends about 100 yards out from its surface. This guideline does not hold when rocks are in close proximity, however. For some reason yet to be adequately explained, gravity fields do not overlap. If two rocks are less than 200 yards apart, their gravity fields modify their shapes to avoid overlap. No matter how close two rocks are, there is always a gap of at least five yards between their gravity fields. In this gap, objects are in free-fall.

Each rock within Borka tumbles or spins around its own axis at its own rate. This means that each rock has its own day length. Rotation rate generally relates to mass, in that smaller rocks usually rotate faster than their larger brethren. “Usually” is the key word, however; there are several very noticeable exceptions, including a major rock that has a day only one hour long.

The rocks making up Borka all orbit a point at the center of the cluster. They do so very slowly, taking almost a century to complete one orbit. During their orbits, rocks may come near to each other—so near that their gravity fields have to adjust, as discussed above—but they never collide.

Borka was not always the way it is today. Not so long ago, geologically speaking, it was a single, solid, spherical earth world about 3,500 miles in diameter (size D). It had an atmosphere and an ecology

“Never forgive, never forget.”

Orcish aphorism

Borka

much like that of Oerth, except that its weather patterns were considerably more harsh, and its winters more brutal (as a result of its distance from Liga). The major difference was that, while on Oerth humans and demihumans rose as the dominant sentiments, on Borka it was the humanoid races—the orcs, goblins, kobolds, hobgoblins, etc.—who were the peak of evolution.

For centuries, the Borka humanoids were confined to their planet. They understood from years of astronomical and astrological study that the moving lights in the sky were actually worlds like their own, yet they had no way to visit them. Quite naturally, they assumed that these other worlds would be like their own, right down to the fact that the goblinoid species would be at the very top of the evolutionary ladder.

Then, one day, a vessel spiraled down out of the empty sky, a vessel of yellow-green living crystal, with an angular body and outswept wings: an elven man-o'-war. Fascinated, the goblinoids drew closer for a better look at this wonder.

The elves aboard saw what they took to be a horde of attacking humanoids, and panicked, lashing out with magic and with the ship's heavy weapons. Suddenly under attack, the spectators turned into the very mob that the elves had feared. Before the vessel could climb out of range, hundreds of goblinoids swarmed all over it, forcing it down with their weight. They then broke into the vessel and killed all the crew, before destroying the ship itself. This was the Borka humanoids' first encounter with elves, and it set the stage for what would come later.

Over the next decades, more ships put down on Borka. Some met the same fate as the elves, but most survived the experience. A number of the vessels that fared well were themselves part of the goblinoid fleet—the space navy that would eventually be defeated by the elven Imperial Navy in the first Unhuman War. The humanoids aboard these ships told the Borka natives about the upcoming wars, fanning their hatred of the elves. Many Borka humanoids signed on as marines and crewmembers aboard these vessels. But the majority of the Borka popula-

tion would never have a chance to participate in these great events.

Or so they believed. The Unhuman War was heating up throughout the universe when several arcane paid a visit to Borka. They offered to sell spelljamming technology to the major humanoid races—and with it, the ability to make their mark on the universe. The humanoids jumped at the chance, paying the arcane in minerals, ores and other natural resources. Using their arcane-supplied helms, they built a fleet of warships and took to the void.

The elves of Greyspace had not been expecting any trouble from Borka. Certainly they knew it was a planet full of their racial enemies, but they believed that the primitives would never be able to leave their planet and cause the elves any trouble. They were very wrong. Because of their smug overconfidence, the elves did not even bother maintaining surveillance on Borka. Thus, when the humanoid vessels boiled into wildspace like wasps from a nest, the elves were taken totally by surprise. The Borka fleet inflicted massive damage on the elves' rear echelons and supply lines—much more damage than such a small, ill-equipped and ill-trained fleet had any right to expect.

The elven Greyspace fleet was engaged with other enemies elsewhere, and could not divert enough ships and personnel to invade Borka and suppress its military potential. It was then that the elves realized something that has colored their military thinking since that time: planetary invasion is expensive, in terms of manpower, ships, and material; planetary *destruction* is not.

The elven priests prayed to their gods while the mages developed spells of cataclysmic power. When the time was right, and with the help of their deities, the elves struck the world of Borka with a titanic blast of extradimensional magic. This blast of energy split the crust of Borka like an eggshell, shattering the planet into the thousands of rocky fragments it is today.

Most of the population of Borka was killed in that apocalyptic strike. Some few lucky individuals survived, to eke out a primitive existence on what was

"Never trust an orc . . . even a dead one."

Elvish aphorism

Borka

left of their world.

When Borka was destroyed, the humanoid fleet was elsewhere in the Greyspace crystal sphere. Hearing of the catastrophe, they rushed back to their home; they arrived too late to do anything but succor the survivors. Many of the humanoid war captains turned their vessels into refugee ships, loading aboard those survivors who wished to go elsewhere to start a new life. Still others became berserkers, dedicating their lives and the lives of their crew to destroying as many elven ships as they could before going down to defeat themselves.

But some of the humanoid spacefarers decided to stay on what was left of Borka, to rebuild what the elves had destroyed. It is from these courageous individuals that most of Borka's current population descended.

As to the elves who destroyed Borka, they met their own fate soon thereafter. The Greyspace fleet was destroyed to a ship, by a combination of accidents (which the Borka humanoids claim were vengeance from *their* own deities) and attacks by other humanoid fleets. The details of exactly how the elves managed to smash a world died with them. Since then, many races, including the Borka humanoids, have striven to replicate the elves' destructive power, but with no success.

Humanoids breed fast, so it did not take long for them to build up a fair-sized population on what was left of Borka. After the end of the first Unhuman War, various ships full of humanoid refugees limped into Borka, seeking succor and asylum. The natives welcomed them with open arms, both because they swelled the shattered world's population, and also because they brought with them ships and weapons that could, eventually, form the core of a new Borka warfleet.

The inhabitants of Borka have divided up along racial lines. The orcs, who are the most numerous, hold most of the major rocks. The hobgoblins have taken a few of the major rocks as their own, and spill over onto some of the smaller ones. The goblins own most of the mid-size rocks, while the kobolds—although more numerous than the goblins—are left

with the scraps, the smallest or most irregular rocks that nobody else wants. There is strong rivalry among these different racial groups, but only rarely does it reach the level of violence. After all, everyone on Borka knows who the true enemy is—the elves—and recognizes that infighting will ruin any chance of ever getting the vengeance they so lust after.

The Borka humanoids are secretly turning the shattered world into a significant military base. Hidden in the midst of the cluster, away from prying eyes, are several rocks that have been almost completely hollowed out. Within these hollow asteroids are the warships that will one day sail forth as the Borka Retribution Fleet. Other asteroids have been turned into supply dumps and training camps. Almost all facilities are concealed within the asteroids, however, so that casual visitors will not spot them. The humanoids fear, quite reasonably, that the elves will descend on them in force should they ever discover the Borkans' plans, and that the elves will not do such a slipshod job this time and leave survivors behind.

For this reason, the Borka humanoids operate under principles of strictest security. Visitors to the Borka cluster will, at first, see nothing but shattered remnants of humanoid culture, poor war victims trying to claw their way back from the savagery into which the elves blasted them. If the visitors seem about to penetrate this careful sham, the humanoids will find some way of driving them off, or will simply destroy them. Ships that cruise, unannounced and uninvited, into the heart of the Borka cluster are attacked without warning. Several smaller rocks around the hollow star-base asteroids have been turned into floating weapons platforms, bristling with enough concealed catapults, jettisons and ballistae to reduce even the most powerful spelljamming vessel to flotsam and jetsam. So far, several vessels from Oerth have been lost in the Borka cluster, but nobody seems to suspect foul play, thinking instead that the ships were lost to accidents or incompetence. (In fact, starfarers' tales are beginning to circulate that Borka is a jinx, a place of ill omen, to be avoided at all costs. It is quite possible that

"Racial hatreds are the most long-lasting. It is virtually impossible to erase them without resorting to genocide."

**excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden**



orcish agents—perhaps half-orcs, or other races in the pay of the humanoids—are spreading these stories on purpose.)

Ports of Call: Potemkiz is an asteroid near the margin of the Borka cluster. Five miles in diameter, it is the most obvious rock for visitors to Borka to approach first. For this reason, it is the center of the Borkan humanoids' protective sham. Potemkiz is home to several hundred orcs and hobgoblins, apparently eking out a hard and primitive existence on the jagged chunk of rock. Agriculture is difficult, and the inhabitants look malnourished and weak. They apparently have lost their previous warlike spirit, acting instead like pitiful victims of a cosmic catastrophe.

In fact, however, the "victims" living on Potemkiz are volunteers from the other orc and hobgoblin

communities. They serve six-month tours of duty on the Rock before returning to their normal lives. Potemkiz volunteers are drilled and trained beforehand, so that they all tell the same, pitiful story about the harsh realities of life on Borka. So effective is this sham that very few visitors suspect that there is more to Borka than what they can see.

The major base for the Borka Retribution Fleet is a large, egg-shaped asteroid named, unimaginatively enough, "the Egg." The Egg is one of the largest rocks in Borka, about 10 miles along its major axis, and seven in diameter at its widest point. While it has gravity along its outside surface, the massive, 100-yard-and-up caverns the humanoids have excavated within it have *no* gravity. This makes the Egg an ideal spacedock for spelljamming vessels. Currently, there are almost two dozen vessels of various sizes within the Egg, while more are being built.

"A civilization based on the desire for destruction may be dynamic, but yet is fundamentally flawed, carrying the seed of its own doom."

excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden

Borka

Visitors will rarely see the Egg, and even more rarely will they survive the experience. Surrounding the spacedock are several small asteroids that the orcs have turned into devastating weapons platforms. The smallest and most lightly armed of these has more than *two dozen* heavy catapults emplaced, and almost as many heavy ballistae. Any ship coming near this weapons platform is almost certainly doomed.

Resources/Trade: Despite the way things might appear on Potemkiz, most of the rocks of Borka are quite rich in natural resources. When Borka was intact, much of its mineral wealth was buried in the planet's core, much too deep to be reached with normal mining techniques. Now, however, split into thousands of fragments, there is very little mineral wealth that *cannot* be reached. Most of the rocks have at least one mine operating on them. (The mineheads and support facilities are concealed, of course, so they cannot be spotted from space.)

The humanoids of Borka keep most of the hard metals (iron, nickel, etc.) for themselves, for use in spelljamming vessels and weapons. Softer metals are traded very carefully and surreptitiously to other humanoid nations elsewhere in the universe, or directly to the arcane, in return for helms, weapons, and other necessities. As far as most inhabitants of Greyspace are concerned, Borka has absolutely nothing of value, and conducts no trade whatsoever.

Government/Lifestyle: Each humanoid race has its own form of government, and a culture that matches its racial personality. Generally speaking, however, most of the racial nations are ruled by powerful individuals who maintain their hold through intimidation and force.

There are two distinct orc nations in Borka. They have closer ties with each other than with any of the other racial nations, but they are also in strong competition as well. All of the orcs of Borka believe that it is their destiny to lead the Retribution Fleet when it finally sets sail. However, among the orcs there is a great diversity of opinion as to just what the Fleet's

mission should be. One faction believes that the Fleet should leave Greyspace to travel the universe in search of the elven Imperial Navy's headquarters, and then destroy it with a lightning-fast strike. The second faction considers this foolishness; much better, these orcs believe, to use the Fleet to effectively take over as much of Greyspace as possible—and in the process, destroy the elven shipyard within Greela. Then, with an entire crystal sphere's resources backing them, they can build an even bigger Fleet which can eradicate the entire Imperial Navy, once and for all.

The two orc nations have polarized along these lines. One nation is called, in the orcish tongue, *Alkarmor* ("Elf-Killers"); the other is called *Sors Invicta* ("Unstoppable Destiny"). Predictably, the rulers of *Alkarmor* favor a quick strike against the Imperial Navy, while the rulers of *Sors Invicta* believe in "Today Greyspace, tomorrow the universe." *Alkarmor* is currently the numerically larger of the two nations, although more of the orcish ship crews are loyal to *Sors Invicta*.

Both orcish nations agree on one thing, though: that they are superior to the hobgoblin, goblin and kobold nations on the smaller rocks. The orcs lord it over the other races, and terrorize them when it strikes their fancy. In turn, the hobgoblins consider themselves superior to everyone except the orcs, and the only reason they take second place is because of their lesser numbers—one on one, a hobgoblin is more than a match for an orc any day (or so the hobgoblins claim). The goblins fear the orcs and hobgoblins, and despise and terrorize the kobolds. At the bottom of the pecking order, the kobolds have no one to consider themselves superior to, and this racial inferiority complex manifests itself in high levels of violence within the kobold nation.

Each of the racial nations has its own vessels. When the time comes for the Retribution Fleet to set sail, however, the other races will place their ships under the command of an orcish admiral. (Whether this admiral will come from *Alkarmor* or *Sors Invicta* has yet to be determined, of course.) This is the theory, at least. When the time actually comes—if it

"When orcs work with kobolds" (i.e., "never").

Elvish aphorism

Borka

comes—it will be interesting to see whether captains of other races will actually submit themselves to the command of an orc.

Important NPCs

Name: Torgnakh

Occupation: Ruler of Alkarmor

STR: 16

INT: 11

DEX: 12

CHA: 10

WIS: 8

CON: 15

Torgnakh is in his early 20s, just reaching his prime (for an orc). He is tough and intelligent (again, for an orc) but frequently lets emotions sway his logic. He was not alive when the elves destroyed Borka but, like most of his brethren, he hates the elves as fiercely as if they had wronged him personally.

He is a competent leader, and a canny warrior. His wisdom, and his appreciation for the consequences of his action, leave something to be desired, however. He is the key spokesperson for the "strike fast and hard" philosophy with regard to the elves. He considers Ragininth, the ruler of *Sors Invicta*, to be a puling weakling and a coward for disagreeing with him.

Name: Ragininth

Occupation: Ruler of Sors Invicta

STR: 15

INT: 11

DEX: 10

CHA: 11

WIS: 10

CON: 14

Ragininth is half a decade older than Torgnakh, and perhaps this is the reason for his greater wisdom. Ragininth is as tough and cunning, and as good a leader, as Torgnakh. His hatred for the elves burns as brightly as does Torgnakh's. The difference between the two orcs is that, while Torgnakh wants to

act on his emotions *now*, Ragininth can recognize the advantages in waiting, in going after the elves only when the humanoids have a better chance of success. He finds patience incredibly difficult, but he works hard at keeping his impulsiveness in check.

Ragininth admires Torgnakh for his leadership skills and for his dynamism. He considers Torgnakh to be wrong in his strategic thinking, but this is no reason to hate him. In fact, Ragininth is saddened by the hatred that the other orc ruler feels for him. If the two nations could work together, rather than at cross-purposes, then the goal of eliminating the detested elves would come to fruition much faster.

Name: Ja-Ja-Kek

Occupation: Ruler of *Tetiketetek* (kobold nation)

STR: 7

INT: 13

DEX: 9

CHA: 8

WIS: 10

CON: 9

Ja-Ja-Kek is a 79-year-old kobold, the ruler of the nation of *Tetiketetek*. He is considerably more intelligent than either of the orc rulers, although nobody on Borka but another kobold would believe that to be true. He is an excellent leader, and a wily ship's captain. When the Fleet makes its move, Ja-Ja-Kek will be on the foredeck of his race's flagship, a reconstruction of a pre-War Angelship. Even though he has sworn to follow the orders of the orcish admiral—whoever it may turn out to be—he has no intention of following through with that, and will command his race's ships with no interference from others unless it happens to suit his fancy.

Ragininth has recognized Ja-Ja-Kek's tactical skill, and realizes that the courageous kobold captain will not follow stupid orders. If Ragininth has his way, and becomes the Fleet's admiral, he will try to persuade Ja-Ja-Kek to become tactician and battle-leader for the entire fleet.

"Who's the greater fool? A fool, or the fool who follows him?"

from a conversation with Ja-Ja-Kek

Greela

PLANET NAME:	Greela
PLANET TYPE:	Cluster earth body
PLANET SIZE:	E
ESCAPE TIME:	4 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	Varies
YEAR LENGTH:	360 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Predominately humans and elves; smatterings of other demihuman races; few non-evil giants and giantkin

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	3,000 million miles (30 days)
Kule	2,990–3,010 million miles (29.9–30.1 days)
Raenei	2,970–3,030 million miles (29.7–30.3 days)
Liga	2,900–3,100 million miles (29–31 days)
The Grinder	2,800–3,200 million miles (28–32 days)
Edill	2,600–3,400 million miles (26–34 days)
Gnibile	2,400–3,600 million miles (24–36 days)
Conatha	2,000–4,000 million miles (20–40 days)
Ginsel	1,500–4,500 million miles (15–45 days)
Borka	1,000–5,000 million miles (10–50 days)
The Spectre	1,000–7,000 million miles (10–70 days)

Greela is another cluster-world, similar in structure to Borka yet considerably larger. It comprises several hundred planetoids, ranging in size from tens of miles across to a few hundred miles across. Unlike those that make up Borka, most of the planetoids that comprise Greela lie toward the upper end of the

scale. The average Greela planetoid is about 150 miles along its largest dimension. Most of the planetoids, and all of the larger ones, are smoothly rounded and elliptical in shape. A typical Greela planetoid would be about 150 miles long and 100 miles in diameter at its widest point.

The Greela cluster is almost perfectly spherical. Like Borka, the planetoids comprising the planet are surrounded by a spherical air envelope. The planet has a diameter of roughly 9,000 miles—about 1,000 miles more than the diameter of Oerth. Despite its greater apparent size, much of Greela is empty space—accounted for by the gaps between the planetoids. Because of this, Greela has only about one-half the total mass of Oerth.

The average separation between planetoids is about five miles. Separation decreases as one approaches the center of the cluster, as does the average size of the planetoids. Most of the largest planetoids can be found within 1,000 miles of the planet's geometric center.

Each planetoid has its own gravity, with down being the direction toward the center of its mass. All of the major planetoids—those with a major axis of more than 70 miles—have a gravitational field almost exactly equal to that of Oerth. The minor planetoids have highly variable gravities; some have fields many times stronger than that of Oerth, while others have virtually no gravity whatsoever. Generally speaking, a planetoid's gravity field extends about two miles from its surface. (This breaks down with the smaller planetoids, whose gravity field rarely extends more than one-tenth of their longest dimension from their surface. Thus, the gravity field of a planetoid with a major axis of 2,000 yards would probably not extend further than 200 yards from its surface.) As with the rocks comprising Borka, gravity fields created by Greela planetoids do not overlap. If two rocks are in very close proximity, their gravity fields modify their shapes to avoid overlap. No matter how close two rocks are, there is always a gap of at least 50 yards between their gravity fields. In this gap, objects are in free-fall.

The large atmosphere envelope that surrounds the

"Planets have been shattered before. Who is to say it can never happen again?"

excerpt from *Reflections on a Hostile Universe*
by Taengelen Elderbower

Greela

planetoids of Greela is much thinner than that of Borka, and of Oerth. The oxygen content is about *one-tenth* that found on Oerth's surface. Oxygen-breathing creatures become fatigued four times as fast as normal, and movement rates for characters who are lightly encumbered or more are decreased by 5". (If this decreases a character's movement rate to 0 or less, that character simply cannot move with that much encumbrance.)

Individual planetoids have their own atmosphere envelopes as well, however. These individual envelopes extend out from the planetoid's surface to the margin of its gravity field, wherever that might be. Individual envelopes are usually considerably denser than the thin planetary envelope, and have higher oxygen levels. The major planetoids have individual envelopes that are quite similar to air at Oerth sea-level. Some of the smaller planetoids have thinner individual envelopes, and the smallest have envelopes not significantly different from the large planetary envelope itself. Several explorers have noted that some of the smaller planetoids have atmospheres quite *different* from the planetary envelope: totally lacking in oxygen, or highly flammable, or even toxic or corrosive. Fortunately, these deadly atmospheres are very rare.

Each planetoid rotates around its own axis at its own rate. Most planetoids spin around their major axis (like a football in flight), but some tumble around their minor axis. Some of the smaller ones have even more complex motions, apparently rotating around several axes simultaneously. Rotation rate almost always relates to mass. The major planetoids have days ranging from 20 to 35 hours, while the smaller rocks have much shorter days.

As with Borka, the planetoids of Greela all orbit a point at the center of the cluster. They orbit slightly faster than do the rocks of Borka, however, with an average orbital period on the order of 40 years. Again as with Borka, planetoids may come very near to each other during their orbits, but there are never any collisions. Planetoids that seem in imminent danger of colliding actually seem to shunt each other aside, almost as if the forces that cause the gravity

fields to adjust create a repulsion between the bodies. This repulsion and the shunting it causes are both so gentle that the inhabitants of the planetoids can notice no effects whatsoever, other than the fact that the nearby planetoid hanging in the sky has stopped getting larger.

Unlike Borka, which was shattered only several centuries ago and within the living memory of some inhabitants of Greyspace, nobody can remember when Greela was ever a single planet, if it ever was. Most sages are convinced that it *must* have been a spherical earth world at one time, shattered by cataclysmic forces—perhaps by the will of the gods, or by some cosmic catastrophe. It is as certain as anything gets that it was not destroyed in some human/demihuman/humanoid war, as was Borka, however: magic has demonstrated beyond a doubt that Greela was in its present form millions of years before the first human, demihuman or humanoid set foot on Oerth or anywhere else in Greyspace. (This does not stop those sages referred to as the "Martial Cataclysmists," however. They simply claim that Greela *might* have been destroyed in a war, but one between ancient and forgotten races of great power.) Other sages, the so-called "Steady-Staters," argue that Greela was always as it appears now, and that, for some reason, it never was a single spherical planet.

Sages who have studied Greela's ecology are convinced that the planetoids never supported any native animals. Before the advent of spelljamming travel, Greela was home to many unique species of plants—specifically, robust and fast-growing grasses and ferns, and various species similar to armored bamboo—but no animals, insects or even fish. Today, the planetoids of Greela support a profusion of animals, birds, and insects, plus many new species of trees and other plants not native to the planet. Instead, these were transplanted there, either accidentally (as in the case of rats, lice, and mosquitos) or on purpose (as in the case of Oerth bronzewood trees and maize plants) by spelljamming visitors.

There are no monstrous animals on any of the planetoids. This does not mean that Greela is a harmless garden, however. Certain misguided visi-

"Titanic forces are loose in the universe, against which understanding is the only viable defense."

excerpt from *Reflections on a Hostile Universe*
by Taengelen Elderbower

Greela

tors, apparently trying to recreate an ideal terrestrial ecology, released various predatory creatures on Greela: jaguars, panthers, eagles, dogs, etc. In some cases, these creatures have become even more rapacious than they were on their home planet. For example, one planetoid is dominated by a species of small but incredibly vicious wolf-dog that seems to have arisen from a mated pair of lap-dogs that escaped and went feral. It is important to note that the animals that some species consider as charming pets—for example, the mort-bats favored by the orcs of Pathspace—are seen by other species (like humans and elves) as hideous, blood-sucking beasts.

Almost all of the planetoids in the Greela cluster are covered with various species of grass. Toward the center of the cluster, however, the larger planetoids have rich forests. The most interesting native tree is something called the baobab, which grows to a height of well over 300 feet.

Over the last few centuries, explorers and settlers have come to Greela from elsewhere in the Grey-space system and from other crystal spheres entirely. Most of these settlers were humans or elves, although small contingents of other demihuman races all arrived over time. Predictably, considering their higher reproductive rate, the human civilization has outstripped the elven one; humans outnumber elves in Greela by almost two to one now. The elves, however, seem to have a more sophisticated civilization. While the humans are more concerned about day-to-day survival and increasing their material wealth, the elves have a higher level of art and culture.

The elven civilization is limited to one large planetoid near the center of the Greela cluster. The elves call their home Cenalterien, "Forest of the Stars." The human civilization, in contrast, is spread over two major and several minor planetoids. Although the humans nominally make up one nation (called "Frontier" by the inhabitants), these different planetoid settlements operate more or less autonomously.

Other races have settlements in Greela. One large planetoid is home to several hundred giants of various non-evil species. Another planetoid is home to a

dwarven mining colony. Various types of gnomes have settlements on a number of planetoids. The contingent of Krynnish tinker gnomes have built huge floating air-towns, as they call them—massive wooden structures supported by hot-air balloons. These gnomish air-towns float from planetoid to planetoid, carried by the gentle winds. Because of the gnomes' penchant for modifying everything in sight, air-towns seem to change like dreams. Over a period of months, they can change so much that they are almost unrecognizable. Some brave, or perhaps foolhardy, investigators have spent time aboard some air-towns, investigating the strange, cunning and sometimes ludicrous techniques the gnomes use for keeping their homes aloft. Most other races would rather risk hand-to-hand combat with an umber hulk than set foot aboard an air-town, however.

Ports of Call: The elves of Cenalterien dislike the idea of dwelling in towns or cities, preferring to live in smaller communities, or even in a solitary manner, in the great baobab forests of their home planetoid. The only larger settlement is the spaceport and construction facility known as Cenbreâdiné ("Star Harbor"). This is a natural shallow bowl more than five miles across, with lots of smooth, flat terrain for ground-landing ships to put down. There is also a freshwater lake about a mile in diameter, where water-capable ships can land.

It is here that the elves build—or, more correctly, *grow*—their ships of living crystal, both for their own use and for export to other elven civilizations. The elves of Cenbreâdiné are protective of their facility and port, and suspicious of non-elven visitors. While other races may land at Star Harbor as long as they get permission from the Harbormaster beforehand (using magic or semaphore flags), they are discouraged from staying long. For a fee, the elves will re-provision visiting ships, and may even agree to perform repairs. While the ship is in port, its crew can only leave the vessel with an armed elven escort, which politely but firmly directs them away from areas the elves consider sensitive. Once the ship is re-provisioned and repaired, the Harbormaster strongly

"There's always room for improvement."

Gnomish aphorism



"encourages" the visitors to leave.

If a visiting vessel has an elven captain and officers, however, the visitors are made welcome. The Harbormaster of Cenbreâdiné is usually glad to show other members of his species around the harbor and shipyards, singing the praises of Cenalterien ships throughout. Elves, and *only* elves can buy elven-model ships here at the prices listed in the appropriate sourcebooks. Every couple of standard years, a contingent of elven Imperial Navy procurement officers visit Cenbreâdiné to commission new vessels for the fleet. During this time, security is doubled, and even elven visitors not associated with the Navy are kept under close supervision.

In contrast to the efficiency and security of Cenbreâdiné, the human towns of Frontier are boisterous and vibrant—and more than a little dangerous. The original settlers who founded Frontier were

from Oerth, and wanted to get away from a life they found more and more oppressive. Leaving behind them all the laws, rules and customs they disliked, they created a freewheeling civilization that combines the best and worst elements of humanity.

Each of the planetoids making up Frontier has at least one town with port facilities for spelljamming vessels. Some of these are built around small lakes; others have no bodies of water, and so are limited to ground-landing vessels. The largest and most influential town is called Bonanza, and has the largest and best port facilities. The nearby lake and the town's landing flats are usually occupied by at least half a dozen visiting vessels, loading or unloading cargo, or buying provisions for further journeys. Any vessel is welcome at Bonanza's facilities as long as it can pay the landing fee of 5 gp per foot of keel length. Moorage costs are set at 1 gp per foot per

"To see a gnomish air-town is to gain a renewed appreciation for solid ground underfoot."

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot

Greela

day, and a departure tax of 2 gp per foot might be levied on departure (depending on whether or not the port managers think they can get away with it). Cost for, and quality of, various services and supplies varies wildly.

Resources/Trade: The elves of Cenalterien trade almost exclusively with other elves. They export various natural resources, such as baobab seeds, different types of woods and plants, and the "armored bamboo" known as *velasti* in the elven tongue. *Velasti* is used throughout the universe, as a building material and in the construction of various elven musical instruments. It is said that the military scientists of Shou Lung on Toril are purchasing great quantities of *velasti* through elven middlemen for use in building smokepowder-driven rockets. In addition to natural resources, the elves also export works of art: paintings, sculptures, and other art forms are sold to representatives of other elven nations. The elves of Cenalterien can only rarely be persuaded to turn their artworks over to purchasers from other races, and then only if they are convinced the buyers can truly appreciate them. The major trade good for which Cenalterien is famous is, of course, its spelljamming vessels. The shipmasters of Cenbreâdiné have mastered the art of growing the living crystal that is used in many classes of elven vessel. As mentioned above, the shipmasters will sell their vessels only to elves. The elves of Cenbreâdiné do not create the helms to be used in these vessels. The helm must be supplied by the prospective buyer, or must be purchased specially from the arcane (who frequently visit Cenalterien) at a reasonable mark-up.

The humans of Frontier mine their planetoids for mineral wealth. The Greela cluster is rich in many rare metals, including platinum, and Frontier supports itself almost exclusively by selling its unprocessed natural resources. There are some Frontier residents with foresight who anticipate the day when there will be no more mineral wealth to excavate. By that time, they recognize, Frontier must have moved into secondary industry of some kind, or it will suffer

and die. Most people, however, seem to view the mineral bonanza as limitless, and have no interest in messing with something that is working.

Government/Lifestyle: The elven civilization of Cenalterien has no government to speak of. Individuals are pretty much free to live how they like, without any interference from others. Those who accidentally or purposefully harm others are judged, informally, by their peers. If the other elves think the "accused" was in the wrong, they will withdraw their friendship and society from him or her. Few elves would willingly face this kind of social sanction. Note that this all happens on a very informal level, with each individual making up his or her own mind whether to enforce the sanction. There are no courts, and thus no appeal.

The only exception to this kind of *laissez-faire* lifestyle is in the shipyards of Cenbreâdiné. In the yards there is authority of an almost military nature. There are chains of command and authority, with the Harbormaster at the top of the hierarchy. The Harbormaster is elected democratically by all the workers in the yards, and serves a term of 10 years.

Officially speaking, Frontier is ruled by a democratically elected president. In actuality, however, the president's authority extends over the town of Bonanza and no further—and sometimes not even over all of Bonanza. While other towns on other planetoids profess fealty to the president, in practice they do pretty much what they like. The mayor of each town—usually the richest mineral baron—runs the town the way he or she wants, and the general populace either puts up with it or moves on. Although the president promulgates laws, in practice "law" and "justice" are just what the mayors say they are. The mayors range from corrupt and oppressive, to enlightened and just.

"Tell the truth. That way you don't have to remember anything."

from a conversation with Bereth Lemuron
President of Frontier, Mayor of Bonanza

Greela

Important NPCs

Name: Lar-Riallia

Occupation: Harbormaster, Cenbreâdiné

STR: 11

INT: 16

DEX: 12

CHA: 15

WIS: 14

CON: 11

The elf Lar-Riallia is in her mid-500s, but resembles a beautiful girl of perhaps 23 summers. Her silver hair is shoulder-length, her eyes are bright green, and her bearing is elegant. Her voice is soft and musical.

Too many people—elves and humans alike—have underestimated her intelligence and the strength of her character. She is a competent, strong-minded manager, a brilliant ship designer, and a master at coaxing living crystal into the shapes she envisions. Lar-Riallia is half-way through her fifth term as Harbormaster of Cenbreâdiné, and it does not seem likely that any challenger will defeat her in the near future.

If she has a weakness, it is the belief that Cenalterien, and hence Cenbreâdiné, is safe from any threats. After the end of the first Unhuman War, she believed that the humanoid threat was ended, and particularly in Grey-space after the destruction of Borka. She does not know that a humanoid fleet is arming and preparing just a few days' travel from her shipyard.

Name: Bereth Lemuron

Occupation: President of Frontier,
Mayor of Bonanza

STR: 12

INT: 14

DEX: 11

CHA: 16

WIS: 10

CON: 12

Lemuron is a bluff, hearty human in his mid-50s. He has sandy-blond hair, cropped short to his head and thinning on top. He has a ready laugh, a quick

sense of humor, and a manner that sets people at ease around him. He was elected president by such a landslide that his rivals accused him of stuffing the ballot-boxes. In actuality, however, his margin of victory was real.

Many people think that anyone as open and friendly-seeming as Lemuron must be putting up some kind of facade to hide an ugly reality. In fact, Lemuron is just as he appears to be. He ran for the presidency because he honestly thought he would be the best person for the job, and is doing his best to run Frontier well. He realizes that some of the other mayors are corrupt, but there is not much he can do about it right now.

Lemuron is one of the people who understands that Greela's mineral wealth, though great, is not infinite. He is trying to stimulate forms of industry other than simply digging stuff up and shipping it away. Unfortunately, this kind of primary resource-based industry is much easier than any alternative, and is exceptionally profitable. Lemuron fears that by the time the businessmen of Frontier realize that things must change, it will be too late.

Name: Lolla Trask

Occupation: Port Manger, Frontier

STR: 12

INT: 13

DEX: 10

CHA: 10

WIS: 9

CON: 13

Trask is a large, hard-faced woman in her mid-40s. She runs the port facilities of Frontier, and considers them to be her personal domain. She has turned the port facilities and the associated support businesses into a machine designed to most efficiently separate visiting crews from their money. The port rules—written by Trask, of course—give the port manager complete freedom in levying fines, taxes, duties, etc. If Trask could figure out a way of charging visitors for the air they breathe, she would certainly do so.

"It's immoral to let an idiot hang onto his money."

quote attributed to Lolla Trask
Port Manger of Frontier

The Spectre

PLANET NAME:	The Spectre
PLANET TYPE:	Disk earth body
PLANET SIZE:	B
ESCAPE TIME:	2 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	16 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	450 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Representatives of most spacefaring races

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Oerth	4,000 million miles (40 days)
Kule	3,990–4,010 million miles (39.9–40.1 days)
Raenei	3,970–4,030 million miles (39.7–40.3 days)
Liga	3,900–4,100 million miles (39–41 days)
The Grinder	3,800–4,200 million miles (38–42 days)
Edill	3,600–4,400 million miles (36–44 days)
Gnibile	3,400–4,600 million miles (34–46 days)
Conatha	3,000–5,000 million miles (30–50 days)
Ginsel	2,500–5,500 million miles (25–55 days)
Borka	2,000–6,000 million miles (20–60 days)
Greela	1,000–7,000 million miles (10–70 days)

The Spectre, also known as “the Wink,” is a flat disk world about 100 miles in diameter and 10 miles thick at the edge. Viewed from above, it is almost perfectly circular. As it orbits around Oerth, it rotates along its horizontal axis, like a tossed coin. This is why it appears to wink when viewed from Oerth: when it turns edge-on to the observer, at any distance at all it seems to disappear. The Spectre al-

so spins around its central axis. One complete rotation takes 35 standard days. This means that the point where the sun rises and sets changes with time.

The Spectre’s atmosphere envelope is elliptical in cross-section. At the center of the planet’s disk, the atmosphere extends 30 miles above the planet’s surface; near the edge, it extends only 5 miles above the surface. Beyond the planet’s edge, the atmosphere extends perhaps 5 miles into space along the plane of the world. This is also the extent of The Spectre’s gravitational field. The planet has a gravity plane, just like a spelljamming vessel. Anything or anyone who falls off the edge of the world will drop to the gravity plane, about which it will oscillate for a while. Due to the nature of the gravity plane, the object will move slowly toward the margin of the atmosphere envelope. When it reaches it, the object falls free of the planet’s gravity, into the vacuum of wildspace.

The Spectre’s gravity field varies in strength, but averages a little more than Oerth normal. Near the edge of the world, gravity is about 90% of Oerth normal, which means that the ranges of all missile weapons, and the movement rates of all flying creatures, are increased by 10%. As one moves toward the center of the world, gravity slowly and steadily increases. Twenty-five miles from the edge—that is, half-way between the edge and the center—gravity is exactly Oerth normal. As one approaches the high, ice-capped mountains of the center, gravity increases again, and the *rate* of increase becomes greater. At the very center of the disk, standing atop the highest peaks on the planet, gravity is 125% of Oerth normal. This *decreases* the ranges of missile weapons and the movement rates of flying creatures by 25%.

The disk-world’s atmosphere is just like that of Oerth, easily able to support carbon-based life, and seems to always have been so. Why, then, did life never arise on the Spectre? Certainly, at around 4,000 million miles from the sun, it is a cold, dark and dreary place. The average daytime temperature rarely exceeds 35°F, and drops to 0°F at night. Even at the brightest noon, Liga’s illumination is no more than the light of a nearly new moon on Oerth. Night

“If one searches far enough, in the dark vastness of space one can find virtually any wonder.”

excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden

The Spectre

is only marginally darker than day because of the brilliant light of the stars. Some of the stars are so bright, in fact, that they can be seen in the dark purple skies of day.

Inhospitable as it may be, the Spectre is still a reasonable candidate for native life, however. Lifeforms have arisen in much harsher conditions on Oerth and other planets. Some sages claim that the planet's proximity to the crystal sphere somehow prevented life from arising on the disk-world. Perhaps the spontaneous gates to the phlogiston allow certain damaging radiations or substances to scour the Spectre, these sages suggest. Other experts discard these theories as garbage. Worlds in other systems, much closer to their crystal spheres than the Spectre, teem with native life.

Some of these sages believe that life *did* arise on the Spectre in the distant past, and that intelligent races might even have evolved. But then, millennia ago, something occurred which scoured all life from the disk-shaped planet, leaving no trace of its appearance or passage. Many theories have been put forward for just what could do this, but none is widely accepted. The problem of just why the Spectre is barren remains unanswered.

The geography and geology of the Spectre would be familiar to any visitor from Oerth. There are saltwater seas (small ones), lakes, plains, rolling hills and mountains. The largest mountains are at the center of the disk, on both sides, rising to elevations of well over three miles. The tallest peaks are snow-capped and eternally cloud-enshrouded. Moving outward from the center, the mighty peaks fall off to low foothills, which are, in turn, surrounded by shallow saltwater seas. Then come the plains, which extend outward almost to the edge of the world. The edge itself boasts an intermittent rampart of low mountain peaks. These small peaks are no more than 1,000 yards or so tall. The Spectre has no volcanic activity, although the mountain peaks indicate that it must have had some such activity at some time in its history. The Spectre has no magnetic field, so navigation by compass is impossible.

In the areas of the plains and the seas, the Spec-

tre's weather patterns are more placid than on Oerth. To reflect this, when using the Weather Conditions Table on page 51 of the *Concordance of Arcane Space*, subtract 2 from all die rolls. Near the edge, however, and in the mountains of the center, weather conditions are more fierce than on Oerth. To reflect this, add 2 to all die rolls on the Weather Conditions Table. Note that the Spectre is so cold, particularly in the mountains, that precipitation will usually fall as snow, sleet or hail.

The Spectre's year is some 30 months shorter than one would expect, considering its distance from Oerth. This fact, and the fact that its orbit is inclined at 10° to the ecliptic, have yet to be adequately explained.

The disk-world may have no native lifeforms, but this does not mean it is uninhabited. Many space-faring races have set up outposts, trading centers, even small military bases on the planet. Since it is halfway between Oerth (the geometric and social center of the system (and the crystal sphere, it is often used as a way-station for vessels visiting Grey-space from elsewhere in the universe.

Currently, there are six outposts on one face of the Spectre, arbitrarily called the north face, and four (or perhaps six) on the other. On the north face, there are outposts of three human trading groups: the Free Traders Group from Oerth; and two trading costers from Realmspace, the Lacross Brothers, and Anything Inc. The Elven Imperial Navy has a small military base named Tranmiel . A dwarven mining band has set up operations in the central mountain range. The taciturn dwarves will not discuss with anyone what they have found there, or expect to find. Dwarven cargo vessels put in at the mine on a regular basis, however, implying that the dwarves have been successful. The gnomes, too, have a base near the edge of the north face. When it was initially established half a decade ago, it sported a floating shipyard supported by an elaborate arrangement of hot-air balloons, and a giant hamster ranch. Unfortunately, much of the original outpost was destroyed when the hamsters escaped and stampeded. In the same "tragic accident" the gnomes' beloved floating

"How many times has life arisen on a distant world, only to be scoured from its face by an uncaring universe?"

excerpt from *Reflections on a Hostile Universe*
by Taengelen Elderbower

The Spectre

shipyard was wrecked when the balloons burst. As described later, nobody really believes this was an accident.

On the south face of the disk-world, near the edge, is an illithid outpost named Skulls-in-a-Row. In the central mountain range are two beholder lairs, while a third lair is found in the rampart at the disk's edge. All three beholder groups belong to different nations but, although skirmishes occasionally break out, the creatures have yet to go to war with each other.

Recurring yet unsubstantiated rumors claim that the south face supports two other outposts as well. One of these is reputed to be a neogi base. Various groups including the Sentinels (see page 79 for more details) have scoured the south face for traces of the evil creatures, but with no luck. The other possible base is the home of the Black Company, the pirates that terrorize the spaceways of Greyspace. Again, the Sentinels have spent much time searching for the pirates' base, but without any success.

Most of the outposts and bases are relatively small, and all are separated by as much distance as the geography of the Spectre allows. There is much rivalry between the different outposts, whether based on racial, philosophical, or business differences. The human trading outposts are intent on destroying the competitive capabilities of their rivals. The elves would like to see the dwarven miners vacate, and vice versa. And the pirates, the neogi, and perhaps the illithids too are constantly making life difficult for everyone else on the planet. Raids and sabotage are the order of the day, along with the occasional assassination. Of course, the groups are all incredibly careful to maintain plausible deniability. Instead of attacking outright, a group might hire assassins or black operatives from elsewhere—often through two or three intermediaries so it is impossible to trace back who took out the contract. Magical attacks, including unpleasant creatures *gated* right into the middle of a rival's camp, are also popular. It seems that the partial destruction of the gnomish ranch and shipyard was arranged by two other groups working in concert. Although there is much speculation, nobody knows exactly who was in-

volved. Observers of the situation believe that it is only a matter of time before the Spectre is convulsed by open combat that could conceivably spread throughout the crystal sphere. (After all, would the dwarves of Oerth just sit back while elves attacked their mining outpost?)

Ports of Call: The three human trading outposts on the north face all have elaborate port facilities for both water- and ground-landing vessels. Anybody is welcome to visit, as long as they have trade goods or money—or, preferably both. The outposts are clearinghouses for trade goods of all types. Depending on what ships have just landed, it is possible to pick up silk from Shou Lung, bronzewood from the Fla-naess, silversteel swords from Wayspace, and gnomish gizmos from Krynn, all at the same place.

The elven military base is just a small outpost, apparently an observation post to keep an eye on what is going on in Greyspace. Presumably the Imperial Navy is interested in keeping Greyspace peaceful because of the military value of the Greela shipyards. The outpost has a base population of about 50; one Man-o'-war and three Flitters are always ready to launch at a moment's notice. From time to time, larger vessels, including the occasional Armada, put in at the outpost. Predictably, the elves will not discuss the reasons for this visitation.

The base is considered restricted territory. Only authorized personnel can come within a mile of it, and only authorized ships may land or even pass overhead. The base is so well defended by both mundane and magical weapons that it would require a major assault to overwhelm the defenders.

The dwarven mining camp is also a restricted area. Visitors approaching by land will be chased off by axe-wielding warriors, while ships attempting to land may find themselves under attack. The dwarves have purchased three huge bombards from the giff, and have positioned them around the minehead to engage any unauthorized vessel. (Certain spacefarers report that, several months ago, an elven Flitter passed too low over the mine area and was destroyed by a bombard shot. Both the dwarves and the elves

"It is much easier to start a war than to end one . . . unfortunately."

excerpt from *Military Philosophy*
by Gen. Garanger Hardesty

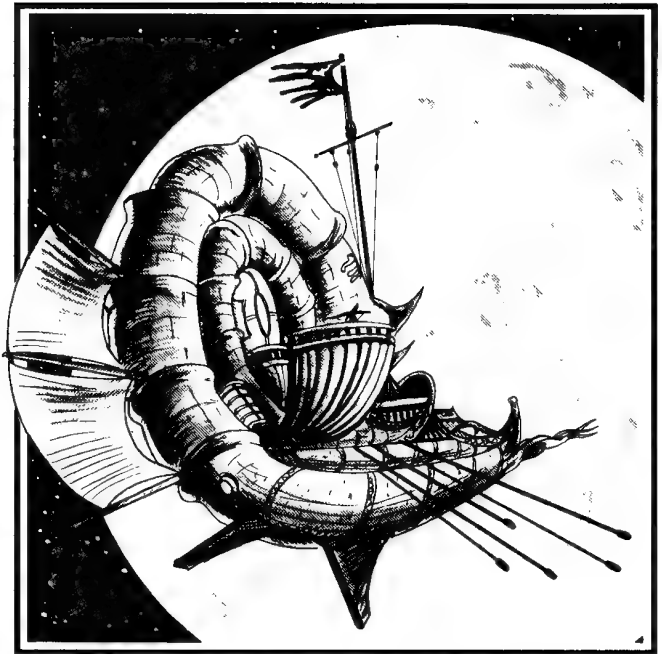
deny the occurrence, but it certainly appears that tensions between the two races have escalated.)

When the gnomes' giant hamsters escaped and went on their rampage, they destroyed many of the outpost's buildings. They then thundered off into the darkness. One fell over the edge of the planet and is believed lost; one drowned in the ocean; two were killed by human traders, fearful of costly damage to their trading concerns; and one is thought to be still loose, although what it can be eating on a lifeless world is something of a question.

The current gnomish outpost, named *What-Is-Left-After-the-Tragic-Events-of-Several-Years-Ago*, is now home to about 100 gnomes. When the floating dock fell, the outpost's sidewheeler was destroyed. Since then, the gnomes have been trying to rebuild the ship. (If it were not for their love for innovations, the gnomes could have finished the job at least two years ago. As it is, the vessel is only half complete, and several competing designers are lobbying to strip it down and start from scratch.) Outsiders are welcome at *What-Is-Left-etc.*, but must expect to have gnomes swarming over their ship looking for interesting design decisions that can be incorporated into the new sidewheeler.

On the opposite side of the planet, the illithids operate what they describe as a free trading station. Merchants of all races are welcome to put in at *Skulls-in-a-Row*, and buy and sell trade goods. Generally prices are lower than at the human outposts, but selection is nowhere near as great. Also, the illithids have little interest in the concept of rightful ownership, and will gladly buy and sell stolen goods. Part of the outpost is closed off, forbidden to unauthorized personnel—in practice, to anyone but illithids. Many people suspect that captive humans and other races are kept here as "cattle" for the mind flayers. Unsubstantiated reports claim that neogi vessels sometimes approach *Skulls-in-a-Row*, hinting that the illithids are involved in the slave trade as well.

Resources/Trade: The Spectre probably has something in the way of natural resources—minerals or gems, perhaps—but only the dwarves seem interested in looking. For the other races, the disk-world is just a convenient place to meet with other merchants and to make deals. Trade is definitely the lifeblood of the Spectre, without which it would probably remain largely deserted.



The dwarves have apparently found something of value in the central mountains of the north face, but will not say what. All attempts by other races to trade with them have been rebuffed rudely. Whatever it is that the miners are excavating is shipped off-planet by dwarvish vessels, under conditions of absolute secrecy.

Government/Lifestyle: There are no governments as such on the Spectre, because there are no real nations or states—just outposts. Lifestyle in each of these outposts depends on the race involved.

The human traders are tough, hard-bitten individuals. There is much money to be made on the Spectre, but they recognize it is a dangerous place and act accordingly. All of the traders who spend time here can hold their own in a fist- or knife-fight as well as they can in a negotiating session. There are no laws, just a basic understanding that the goal is to do business. Anything that interferes with that is bad, and will be dealt with accordingly.

The elven and dwarven outposts are strictly regimented. Life is hard in both settlements, but the people who live there know that there is a job that must be done.

The gnomish outpost seems constantly in a state of chaos. There are several different chains of com-

"With an illithid's faith" (i.e., "with treachery").

Spacefarer's aphorism

The Spectre

mand, but they seem to overlap, intersect and conflict in ways that change every day. One visitor to the outpost claims that the gnome with true power is, not one of the five admirals or three generals, but the Assistant Vice-President in Charge of Office Supplies. This gnome is the only person who knows where everything is, and the one to see if something must get done.

Important NPCs

Name: Vorith Axelhode

Occupation: Merchant

STR: 13

INT: 16

DEX: 15

CHA: 15

WIS: 10

CON: 12

A charming rogue, Axelhode is the founder and leader of the trading company called the Free Traders Group. He is in his late 40s, a broad-faced man with curly ginger hair and twinkling green eyes. He is one of those lucky people who enjoys every facet of life. Obstacles and setbacks do not depress him, because he sees them as challenges.

Axelhode is quick with a joke and a slap on the back, or a flirting wink to a woman, and is a great contrast to the steely-eyed, hard-faced traders who work on the Spectre. This does not make him any less successful, however—quite the opposite, in fact. He can cut as sharp a deal as anyone, and his manner can make the other negotiator so enjoy the process that he will come back to deal with Axelhode again.

Name: Meriadosebinthian Lalalostrigen ("Meriado")
Occupation: Assistant Vice-President in Charge of Office Supplies, What-Is-Left-After-the-Tragic-Events-of-Several-Years-Ago

STR: 11

INT: 13

DEX: 10

CHA: 10

WIS: 8

CON: 9

Meriado is a middle-aged tinker gnome, and is almost entirely responsible for preventing the gnomish outpost from deteriorating into total chaos. He is sharp and intelligent, with a healthy gnomish curiosity (often *unhealthy* for those around him). He has taken it upon himself to devise a tracking system to monitor where valuable supplies and equipment are, and how well various projects are going. Of course, he is constantly tinkering with his system, so occasionally things fall through the cracks. But overall, he is the only gnome at What-Is-Left-etc. who knows even vaguely what is going on.

Even though he has sublimated his desire to modify things into his tracking system, sometimes he loses control and improves the first thing he sets eyes on. (Visitors to What-Is-Left-etc. would be well advised to keep Meriado away from their ship when he gets a vague, distant expression on his face!)

"Death in the depths of space wears many guises—some beautiful, some hideous. Wise is he who can see through the mask."

excerpt from *Reflections on a Hostile Universe*
by Taengelen Elderbower

Additional Astronomicals

The Sisters

The Sisters is the name given to a group of nine bright starlike objects that orbits Oerth at a distance of 7,500 million miles, just 500 million miles from the crystal sphere. When viewed from the direction of Oerth, the nine objects form a perfect octagon, with the ninth star in the exact center. The entire octagonal structure is 500 miles across, while the objects comprising it are spheres one mile in diameter.

The nine quasi-stars burn with a brilliant blue-white light. This light is bright enough to dazzle anyone who looks directly at them even as far as a million miles away. (Any character looking directly at the Sisters from 1 million miles or less must save vs. spells or be dazzled [-4 to hit] for 1d6 hours.) Within 250,000 miles, the Sisters are bright enough to permanently blind someone who looks directly at them; on a successful save vs. spells, the victim is only blinded for 3d12 hours. Despite their brilliance, the Sisters do not radiate any heat.

The Sisters are bright enough that they can be seen in the night sky of Oerth. So distant are they, however, that they appear as one bright star. Like the planets, the Sisters move against the stationary backdrop of the stars. They orbit Oerth perpendicular to the ecliptic, and take 400 months to complete one orbit. The octagon always faces directly toward Oerth.

The eight quasi-stars that make up the octagon also orbit around the central quasi-star, taking 12 months to complete one orbit.

It is physically impossible for any physical object to touch one of the quasi-stars. As one approaches a quasi-star, starting at about 100 miles distant, a kind of negative gravity field—a repulsion rather than an attraction—starts to make itself felt. When it is first encountered, this field has a strength equal to half Oerth normal gravity. Its strength increases exponentially as one approaches the quasi-star, however. Each time the distance to the quasi-star is halved, the force of the negative gravity is doubled. Thus at

100 miles, the force is $\frac{1}{2}g$ (where g is Oerth normal gravity); at 50 miles it is $1g$ at 25 miles it is $2g$. At one mile, the field has a strength of *thirty-two times* Oerth normal gravity. No spelljamming vessel, no matter how high its Ship Rating, could ever come closer to a quasi-star than about a mile.

Nobody knows exactly what the quasi-stars are, or the source of their light and negative gravity. There are many theories, of course, ranging from the logical to the irrational. Several sages from Oerth believe that they are not material objects, but rather that they are gates to some kind of negative energy plane. This might explain the negative gravity, other sages agree, but then would they not emit *negative* light, which would logically be darkness? Whatever the case, they cannot be probed by physical, psionic or magical means. As far as magical scrying is concerned, there is nothing at all there—they do not register in any way to magical senses.

The Sisters are surrounded by a disk of space that is magically dead, like the sargassos that orbit around the sun of Realmspace. This disk is circular in cross-section, 700 miles in diameter and 5 miles thick. Within this sargasso, no magic can function, including the magic that drives spelljamming helms. When a ship enters this region, the mage at the helm senses the lack of magic as a kind of sickening emptiness, similar to the sensation of falling. The helm ceases to function after one round. If the helmsman remains on the helm after this first round of non-function, he or she falls unconscious at the end of the second round. There is no saving throw to counteract this effect, and the mage remains comatose for 1d4 days after the ship has left the sargasso. While in the sargasso region, the ship moves in a straight line at tactical speed. This equates to 400 miles per day per point of the ship's SR rating. Unless the ship has a very low SR, and unless it enters the disk-shaped sargasso at one edge, aimed directly at the opposite edge, the ship's residual speed will probably carry it through the zone in less than one day, so it does not represent the same danger to ships and crews as the Realmspace sargassos.

On the other hand, the disk-shaped sargasso

"For I have looked upon the Nine Sisters and tasted the wine of distant lands. My life was rich, and my death is a resting."

excerpt from *Songs of the Wanderer*
an anonymous collection of tales and poetry

Additional Astronomicals

around the Sisters carries with it its own danger. If a ship passes *through* the Sisters—that is, if it penetrates the plane in which the nine quasi-star objects lie—strange things happen. As it penetrates the plane, all aboard feel a kind of internal wrench, as if the ship were moving rapidly in some direction other than the three dimensions of normal space. In the instant that it penetrates the plane, all illumination fails as though the ship were surrounded by a *darkness* spell. This quasi-magical darkness lasts for 1d3 rounds. At the end of this period, the *darkness* lifts, and everyone aboard the ship can see again.

The danger is that the ship might well not be where or *when* its crew expects it to be. It might find itself on the opposite side of the Greyspace crystal sphere, almost 16,000 million miles—and 160 days travel—from where it should be. Alternatively, it might find itself in a totally different crystal sphere, 500 million miles inside its boundary. This other sphere might be Realmspace, Krynnspace, or one of the other known spheres, or might be somewhere else entirely.

If this were not bad enough, the ship might find that it had travelled not in space, but in *time*. It could appear at the same point within the Greyspace crystal sphere, but days, months, years or even centuries later or *earlier* than the time that it crossed the plane of the Sisters.

There is no way whatsoever of predicting beforehand which of these effects will take place. Thus, those spelljammer captains who decide to use the Sisters as a time machine or as a form of instantaneous travel might be horribly disappointed.

The Great Sargasso

This is a spherical magic-dead zone approximately one million miles in diameter. (Details on sargassos are given above, in the section on “The Sisters.”) It is totally invisible and undetectable (except by the magical *sargasso detector*, discussed on page 87). It can be found in the depths of space between the Spectre and the crystal sphere, following an incredibly complex orbit.

In fact, the Great Sargasso does not follow a single orbit, but a combination of *epicycles*. It follows a circular orbit around a point in space which follows a circular orbit around another point in space which, in turn, orbits around yet *another* point in space; and then the regression occurs once more. This fourth point follows a circular orbit around Oerth, at a distance of some 6,000 million miles from the primary. Each of these orbits is a different size and at a different inclination to the ecliptic. Moreover, each point, as well as the Great Sargasso itself, moves at a differ-



Additional Astronomicals

ent speed and in a different direction. As a consequence, the Great Sargasso follows a complex spiral path through space, sometimes seeming to reverse its apparent direction, and other times accelerating off in an unpredictable angle. It is possible to analyze the Sargasso's motion and predict just where it will be at a given time, but the math is complex and beyond the abilities of most spelljamming captains. Instead of trying to calculate the Sargasso's position, most captains just follow whatever course they want, hoping that chance will steer them clear of the dangerous zone. (Even though the Sargasso is large, the odds of running into it are vanishingly small.)

As with the sargassos that orbit around the sun of Realmspace, nobody knows quite how the Great Sargasso could have come into existence . . . or, in fact, just what it is.

The Habitat

"The Habitat" is the name given to a large, mysterious structure that orbits Oerth at a distance of some 7,000 million miles, just 1,000 million miles from the crystal sphere itself. Its orbit is circular, with an orbital period of about 800 months. The orbit is inclined at 90° to the ecliptic.

The Habitat is an ellipsoid about one mile along its major axis and half that along its minor axis. It appears to be a ship of some kind, made of a dark blue-grey metal. Its surface is studded with thousands of strange conical protrusions about 10 yards in diameter at the base and 10 yards high. In between the protrusions are many circular windows or portholes about five yards in diameter. Yellow light, about the same hue as Liga, streams from these ports into space.

Spacefarers investigating the Habitat report having seen strange creatures moving behind those ports, apparently watching the approaching ship with great curiosity. According to these reports, there are many different species within the Habitat, each totally unlike any other race in known space.

Not much is known about the Habitat. It is impos-

sible to approach closer than 100 yards. Any vessel that tries to do so finds itself somewhere else around the 100-yard-wide zone surrounding the Habitat, moving *outward* from the strange ship at exactly the same speed it was trying to move *inward*. Nobody aboard the ship feels anything during this transition, and it seems to take no time at all. One moment the ship is moving inward; the next it is a mile or more away from its original position moving outward. Some sages believe that the Habitat is surrounded by a field of warped space-time. A ship that is "translocated" is not actually moved, or teleported, in any way. Because of the warped field, the two points—where the ship vanished and where it reappeared—are actually contiguous. A few sages go even further, claiming that the Habitat and the field around it are not part of our universe at all, that it is some kind of projection from another dimension into ours.

It is impossible to probe the Habitat, or the area of the warped zone, magically. Any mage trying to scry within the Habitat experiences a momentary sensation of emptiness, of *nothingness*, that is highly disturbing. The mage must make a saving throw vs. spells, or fall into a coma for 1d6 hours. On a successful save, the mage suffers a crippling headache that inflicts a -4 penalty to hit and prevents spellcasting for a period of 1d6 hours. In either case, the scrying spell is immediately terminated. If a scrying device such as a *crystal ball* is used instead of a spell, the effect on the user is much less intense. The user must still save vs. spells, but the effect of a failed save is a headache (with the penalties described above) and on a successful save the user suffers no ill effects at all. Either way, however, the scrying device totally and utterly fails to function.

Nobody knows who built the Habitat, or for what purpose. The deities of Greyspace will not discuss the matter and, in fact, seem downright edgy if anyone questions them on it. This leads some theologians to believe that the Habitat is somehow beyond the Greyspace gods' jurisdiction, and that they know no more about it than do mortal investigators. (It seems logical that such a mystery would be highly disturbing to a god used to knowing just about every-

"A sense of wonder is indispensable for a traveler. But so is a healthy dose of caution."

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot



thing.)

The Habitat was first detected about 50 years ago. Maybe it has been in Greyspace for longer than that, and just escaped detection—not unlikely, considering its small size, its distance from Oerth, and the fact that it orbits perpendicular to the ecliptic. No one knows how long the strange vessel will remain within Greyspace, or what its purpose is.

Dark Stars

Orbiting in the gulf of wildspace between the Spectre and the crystal sphere are at least three bodies known to spacers (somewhat inaccurately) as “dark stars.” These are apparently spherical objects several miles in diameter, with gravity fields extending some 500 yards beyond their surfaces. They have no

atmosphere whatsoever.

Dark stars neither emit nor reflect light; they are totally black, and visible only when they occult another, visible object. No ship has ever landed on a dark star and survived. Spacefarers’ tales tell that any physical object touching the surface of a dark star is instantly and irrevocably destroyed. Nobody knows whether this is true or not; similarly, nobody can do more than guess at the dark stars’ origin or nature.

“Lay me down on this far shore, and let the stars around us stand
watch on my resting place.”

excerpt from *Songs of the Wanderer*
an anonymous collection of tales and poetry

Spacefaring Companies

This is a description of several of the many spacefaring companies that the player characters might encounter while traveling through Greyspace. There are thought to be many thousands of these groups, some with only a couple of members, others with memberships numbering in the dozens, scores or hundreds. Some of these companies are just that—companies; that is, trading costers or corporations. Others are pirate bands. Still others are groups of various races or from various worlds, with their own interests and goals.

Many of these groups treat other spacefarers they encounter with indifference; some see other travelers as enemies or rivals, as prey, or as potential allies. Wise travelers approach every encounter in wildspace with caution. It is as stupid to attack every vessel met in wildspace as it is to greet every new encounter with open arms.

The following descriptions include brief comments on each group's origin and motivations, as well as details on its most important members. The spells that are available for each spellcaster are left up to the DM. Most of these individuals will be expecting the worst, and so will be "loaded for bear"—even if they have no intention of drawing first blood. In a well-run campaign, the PCs should not be able to wipe out a significant spacefaring company with ease; otherwise the company's rivals would have done so already. These companies can be excellent ongoing enemies or allies for the PCs, and the source of many future adventures.

The Black Company

This is the most successful of the many pirate bands that preys on spelljamming traffic within Greyspace. The Black Company is unique in Greyspace in that it is the only band with more than one ship. (Most other pirate bands actually comprise only one ship with its crew.) The Black Company is more like a fleet, with as many as half a dozen ships to its name. (Nobody knows for sure just how many ships the Company has, or the number of personnel.)

It approaches piracy like a business. It researches its prey beforehand, picking out those victims that represent the best balance of risk and reward. Other, less competent, pirate bands might waste their time harrying almost-empty merchantmen, or meet their fate at the hands of a military crew. The Black Company has made its reputation by striking at uncorted treasure ships—well-armed and well-crewed, yet alone and hence vulnerable—or trading vessels groaning with valuable loot.

From time to time, various groups from Oerth and other worlds have tried to trap the Black Company by using bait ships—merchantmen with concealed armor and heavy weapons, filled to the gunwales with marines. All such attempts have failed. Either the pirates have left the bait ships alone, evidently learning through whatever sources of their true nature, or have struck with such overwhelming forces that the bait ships have been lost without survivors.

In general, members of the Black Company are not bloodthirsty. After all, violence is bad for business. If every merchantman in the crystal sphere were to know that the Black Company took no prisoners, their prospective prey would fight to the death, perhaps scuttling their own ship when they recognized they were doomed. As it is, the Black Company is famous for sparing the lives of anyone who surrenders to them. Rather than emptying a prey ship and then burning it to ashes, the Black Company pirates take only the most valuable components of any cargo, disable the ship's helm, and leave all survivors aboard the crippled ship. Certainly, they are marooned on an immobile ship, but they are alive. And, frequently, the pirates have reported the location of the crippled ship—indirectly, of course—so the survivors can be rescued. With this in mind, what merchantman crew would *not* surrender to the Black Company if they thought themselves outclassed? This tactic has worked exceptionally well for the pirates.

Sometimes violence *is* necessary, however, and the pirates of the Black Company know it well. Whenever a military or punitive expedition is sent against the pirates, the Black Company takes no

"Violence is a tool to be used with discretion. Do you get more milk by flogging the cow?"

from a conversation with Virth Blackhand

Spacefaring Companies

prisoners. Everyone aboard every attacking vessel is slain. Again, this is a great tactic, playing merry hell with the morale of any crew that knows they will soon face the Black Company.

Nobody knows exactly where the Black Company's major base is—or even if they have one. They might have a base somewhere in the Worldspine Mountains of Raenei, and they might have another base somewhere on the south face of The Spectre. Nobody has been able to find either of these bases, or even collect convincing evidence that they actually exist.

The key members of the Black Company are as follows:

- Virth Blackhand (AL CN[E]), a 10th-level warrior. The human leader of the Black Company and the captain of their flagship, the *Grim Reaper*, has ST 18(10), DX 12, CN 13, IN 12, WS 11, CH 15. He is said to have various magical suits of armor, including a *chainmail* +3, and several enchanted weapons. His favorite is a *longsword* +2, although he frequently carries a *crossbow of speed* as well.

Virth is in his mid-30s, tall and slender, with short black hair and a close-cropped black beard. His eyes are pale grey and icy. He smiles frequently, but the expression is grim more than cheery, and never reaches his cold eyes. He is an excellent captain, a master at ship-to-ship tactics and at commanding marines in boarding actions. He believes that good intelligence is of more use to a pirate than weapons, but he does not neglect arming his ships and his men to the teeth when they are going into battle.

- Leanne Blackhand (AL CE), an 11th-level mage. Virth's sister and the *Grim Reaper*'s chief helmsman, she has ST 10, DX 11, CN 10, IN 16, WS 9, CH 10. She has an extensive armory of magical items and weapons—all acquired from the helmsmen and battle-mages of ships the Black Company has defeated. Her favorite personal defense weapon is a *wand of fireballs*, and she is said to have it handy at all times, even keeping it under her pillow when she sleeps.

Leanne is about 30. She has Virth's black hair,

which she wears long, and cold gray eyes. Unlike her brother, she never smiles. She is a totally heartless individual, caring nothing whatsoever about others. The only things that matter to her are her own needs and desires. Anyone standing between her and what she wants is an obstacle to be removed in the most efficient manner.

- Grilak (AL CE), a 9th-level warrior. The *Grim Reaper*'s first mate and Captain of Marines, Grilak is a lizardman with ST 16, DX 11, CN 14, IN 10, WS 9, CH 9. His favorite weapon is a *two-handed sword* +2, but he always carries at least one additional weapon better suited to close-quarters combat.

Grilak has sworn a blood-oath to follow Virth Blackhand, since the pirate captain saved him from certain death at the hands of neogi some years ago. He still hates the cruel creatures with a passion, and the only thing that might distract him from following Virth's orders is the opportunity to kill neogi.

The Grim Reaper

This is a modified Mammoth ship, described on page 33 of the *Ship Recognition Manual* from the *War Captain's Companion* boxed set—with a major helm in place of its original death helm. The standard crew is 80: 40 weapons crewmen, 22 rigging crew, 5 officers, and 13 marines.

The Peacock Band

As discussed in the chapter on Liga (beginning on page 26, specifically), there is a group of efreet from the fire world who have started to explore the Grey-space system in their brass ship, the *Peacock*. These efreet call themselves the Peacock Band. The captain of the *Peacock*, and the leader of the band, is Amir Mamhout (refer to page 26 for his character description).

The Peacock Band is a peaceful group, currently interested in nothing but exploration and discovery. Mamhout and his crew have discovered the wonders of the cold places outside their fiery home, and are

"If you pick the right ports of call,
anything can be a profitable cargo."

from a conversation with Vorith Axelhode,
of the Free Traders Group

Spacefaring Companies

satisfying their immense curiosity about how the crystal sphere is laid out. So far they have made fewer than a dozen voyages, each no more than a couple of weeks long, and have concentrated on the region within about 50 million miles of Liga. (This means that they have not travelled as far as Oerth yet.) They have been spotted by a handful of other ships, but the stories these other spacefarers tell of a great ship of brass, with sheets of flame for sails, sound so ludicrous that few believe them.

Eventually, Mamhout intends to voyage to Oerth, and make contact with the humans and demihumans there. He wants to learn everything he can from them, and enjoy a free exchange of information and trade goods. Unfortunately, however, the Malik plans to use the *Peacock* and other ships like her to spread his influence and rule throughout the crystal sphere.

Although few humans or demihumans believe the travelers tales of the "fire-ship," there are some who know that these voyagers speak the truth. These few recognize that there is a new spacefaring race in Greyspace. So far this race seems to be peaceable, but there is always the fear that they will turn to piracy or war.

All of Mamhout's crew are, of course, efreet. Use the standard *Monstrous Compendium* entry on the efreeti for individual stats. All crewmembers are personally loyal to Mamhout, although this loyalty would be sorely tried were the Malik to order them act against their captain's wishes.

The Peacock

Designed by Amir Mamhout, the *Peacock* is a faithful copy of a Hammership which the efreeti saw in another crystal sphere. It has the same shape, hull design, maneuverability, etc. as a standard Hammership. Its rigging is slightly different, in that its sails are made of magically formed sheets of crackling flame. It has only one heavy weapon, a single heavy ballista (crewed by two efreet) mounted on a swiveling turret.

The vessel is driven by a modified major helm that draws its power from the innate elemental energy of

the efreeti sitting upon it. Regardless of which individual efreeti is on the helm, it gives *The Peacock* an SR of 3. No other race can use an efreeti helm.

The *Peacock's* hull is made entirely of brass. This increases the ship's tonnage and Hull Points to 80 each, although it does not change the ship's cargo capacity. Because of their size, strength and magical abilities, efreet are more effective crew than humans—assuming the ship is designed for them, of course. This means that the *Peacock's* minimum crew is 15 (rather than the normal 24); maximum crew is 40. The ship's normal complement is 25 efreet.

The Free Traders

The Free Traders Group is perhaps the most influential spacefaring mercantile company that has ever originated on the world of Oerth. It has only been operating in space for some five years, but in that time it has risen from obscurity to challenge the "heavy hitters" in interplanetary trade—such as Anything Inc. and the Lacross Brothers—and take away some of their market share.

The Free Traders's Oerth-based headquarters is located in the Free City of Greyhawk. This is where the group originated some 10 years ago as a purely terrestrial trading and mercantile concern. The original group was the brainchild of Vorith Axelhode (refer to page 73 for his character description). Along with two partners, he built a company to take advantage of the influx of money into Greyhawk that arose when the treasure troves were discovered around Greyhawk Castle.

International trade became a major source of income for the city at that time, and quickly expanded to interplanetary and inter-sphere trade as well. This, of course, tempted many people to enter the business who had no real talent for it. While many traders made their fortunes, many also went bankrupt. When one small interplanetary trading concern fell on hard times, it was forced to sell its sole spelljamming vessel, a Dromond. Axelhode acted quickly,

"Sometimes peace can only be maintained through force."

excerpt from *Military Philosophy*
by Gen. Garanger Hardesty

Spacefaring Companies

purchasing the ship from the distressed company at a fire-sale price. Using this vessel, which he renamed the *Free Spirit*, Axelhode expanded the Free Traders' business into wildspace.

That was five years ago. Since then, the Free Traders have done so well that they have expanded their spacegoing fleet to a total of 12 vessels: four Tradersmen, a Clipper, two Galleons, two Hammerships, two Shrikeships, and a Swan Ship. Although the *Free Spirit* is the least effective of these vessels, it remains the company's flagship for sentimental reasons. In fact, the company's crest sports a representation of the Dromond in gold against a star-flecked field of black.

Three years ago, the Free Traders established a trading outpost on the north face of The Spectre. Axelhode, who had tired somewhat of his "boring" life on Oerth, elected to run this new outpost, leaving his two partners to manage the Greyhawk headquarters.

Free Trader vessels can be encountered anywhere within Greyspace, in the Flow, and in many other crystal spheres. They will carry just about any trade goods that people will pay money for, with the single exception of slaves.

Apart from Axelhode himself, the key members of the Free Traders are as follows:

- Trelestina Waymouth (AL N[G]), a 5th-level warrior/6th-level rogue. A half-elf, she has ST 12, IN 13, WS 11, CN 12, DX 16, CH 16. When going into harm's way, she wears a suit of *elven chain mail* +1 and carries a *hand axe* +2 and a *dagger of venom*.

Trelestina is one of Axelhode's two original partners—and his one-time lover. She is a beautiful half-elf, with waist-length blonde hair and cornflower-blue eyes. Although she is a skilled rogue, she very rarely uses these talents, except to defeat attempts to defraud or rob her or the Free Traders. She loves music and dancing, and has a sharp and biting wit when she feels like using it. She has an uncanny sense for what people are willing to pay for anything, and for what their real desires and motivations are. (She frequently claims that her success as a trader comes from the fact that she knows what people

want when they, all too often, do not.)

- Link Pipinenses (AL CN), a 6th-level rogue. He has ST 11, IN 14, WS 10, CN 11, DX 17, CH 13. He always wears a set of *bracers of defense*, AC 2 and has at least two *daggers* +1 concealed on his person.

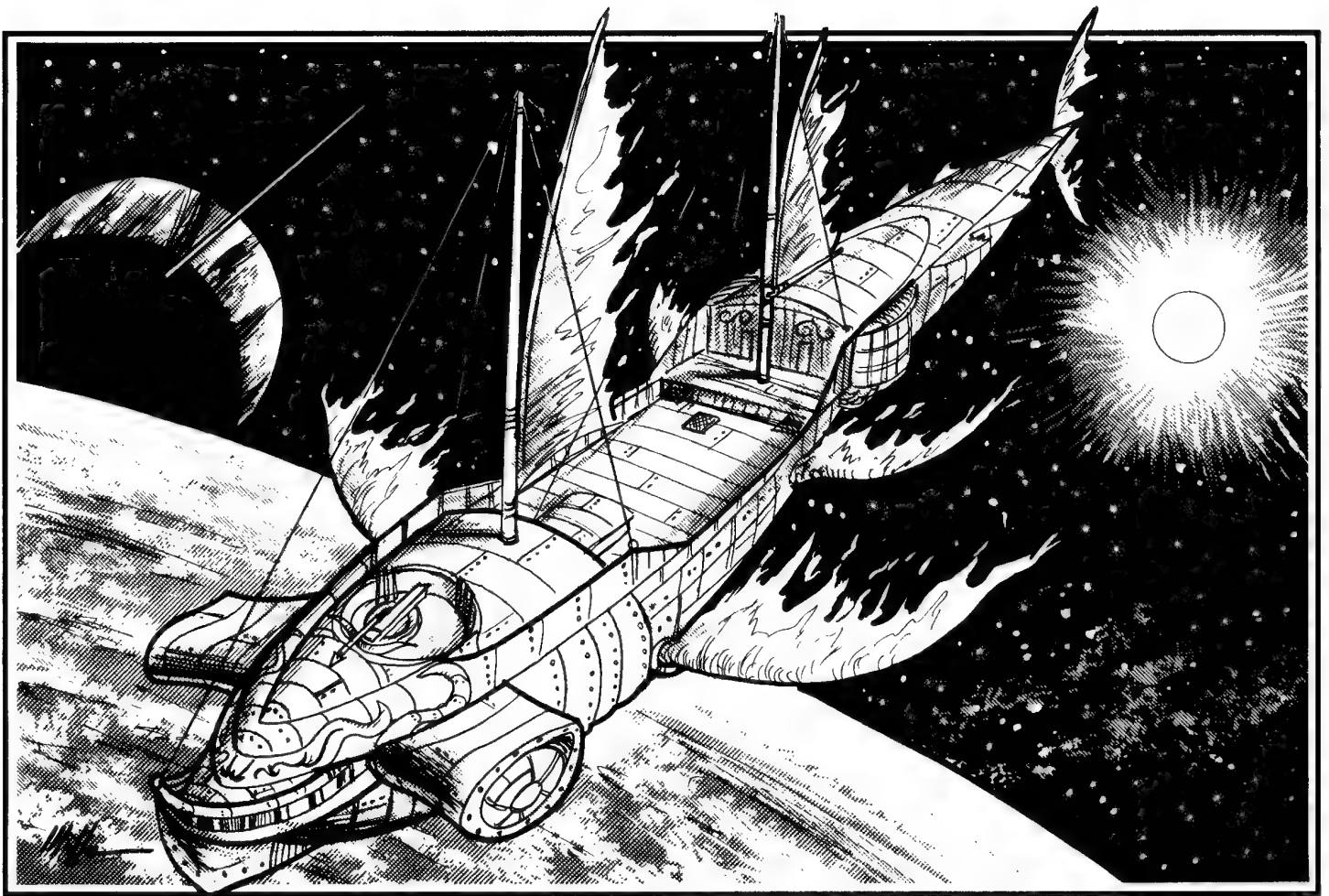
Axelhode's other original partner, Link is a halfling of the Stout subrace. He loves his luxuries, and is somewhat lazy by nature. He is constantly struggling with this facet of his personality. He and Axelhode have been close personal friends for the past eight years. They met on the streets of Greyhawk, when Axelhode had just had his pocket picked and had lost a considerable sum of money. Before the human even knew what had happened, he felt a tap on his back. He turned to see Link handing him the goods that had been stolen. Link had seen the pick-pocket strike and, for reasons that are not clear to him even now, picked the thief's pocket in return and gave the stolen goods back to Axelhode. The human trader impulsively offered the halfling a partnership in the venture he would soon be floating, and Link accepted. Now that Link is on Oerth and Axelhode on the Spectre, the halfling finds himself missing his human friend more than he would have expected.

- Ralnoor Evenbower (AL CN[G]), a 9th-level warrior. He has ST 17, IN 14, WS 13, CN 14, DX 15, CH 16. He wears armor only when he knows for certain there is a fight in the offing, and then dons a set of *elven chain mail* +2. He wears his favored weapon—a *longsword* +2 that he has named Heartbane—on his hip at all times.

Ralnoor is an elf, and the captain of the Free Trader's Clipper, the *Flying Cloud*. He is a canny trader, but what makes him even more valuable to the Free Traders is his instinctive understanding of ship-to-ship tactics. Various groups, including the infamous Black Company, have attacked the *Cloud*, but Ralnoor has always been able to defeat or drive off the attackers. He is a serious individual, and solitary by nature. He rarely speaks, preferring to listen, but when he does, his words always cut to the heart of the matter.

"It's better to be a live coward than a dead hero. But it's even better to be a live hero."

from a conversation with Virth Blackhand



The Free Spirit

The Free Trader's original ship, the *Free Spirit* is the company's flagship. It is rarely used for heavy-duty trading any more. Instead, Axelhode and the others use it when they want to visit new worlds and evaluate potential markets. Once the market potential of a world has been established, other ships better able to defend themselves are used for the actual shipments of trade goods. Currently, the *Free Spirit* can usually be found in the vicinity of the Spectre.

The *Free Spirit* is a standard Dromond (see page 21 of the *Ship Recognition Manual* from the *War Captain's Companion* boxed set). It is armed with two heavy ballistae (1-FP/1-FS; crew 4 each) and one heavy jettison (1-A; crew 4).

The Sentinels

The Sentinels is the name given to a freebooting group of adventurers who sail the depths of wild-space hunting for pirates. Depending on who one talks to, they are described as dangerous vigilantes or as the benefactors of spacefarers.

Nobody knows very much about how the Sentinels came to be. There are many conflicting rumors concerning their origins, but if anybody knows for sure—the Sentinels themselves, for example—they are simply not talking. Some claim that the Sentinels are pirates themselves, wiping out all competition in the Greyspace crystal sphere before going into business for themselves. Others say the Sentinels *were* pirates, but saw the error of their ways and are now trying to expiate their guilt by wiping out

"Never kill a customer . . . unless he's far behind in his payments."

excerpt from *The Trader's Handbook*
by Stokas Barnaby

Spacefaring Companies

other pirate groups. Still others say the adventurers are the survivors of a ship savaged by pirates, extracting vengeance for their dead comrades.

Similarly, nobody knows if the Sentinels have a base of operations in Greyspace, or where it is. Again, many suggestions are bandied about—Raenei, The Grinder, Greela, even the Spectre—but there is no hard evidence for any of these.

What is known is that the Sentinels have wiped out at least three of the smaller pirate bands threatening Greyspace space traffic, and are the only adventurers to have ever destroyed one of the dreaded Black Company's vessels—a heavily armed Hammership. Several times they have come upon a pirate attack in progress (leading to speculation about the Sentinels's sources of information) and driven off or destroyed the attackers, saving the victim ship. In no cases have they asked for any reward, although they do accept any payment voluntarily offered.

The key members of the Sentinels are as follows:

- Trane Karagani (AL LN[G]), a 12th-level warrior. He has ST 18(75), DX 15, CN 16, IN 14, WS 12, CH 16. He wears *chainmail* +4 and carries a *longsword of wounding*.

Trane is the leader of the Sentinels, and captain of their vessel, the *Swift Justice*. He is human, a handsome 40-year-old with prematurely white hair and a weather-tanned face. He is a master when it comes to ship-to-ship combat, and seems to have an instinctive knowledge of what his ship, and his enemy's, can do under any circumstances. He is taciturn and never smiles, but seems to take great pleasure in defeating pirates. If an enemy offers surrender he will accept it—somewhat grudgingly—but prefers when his foes choose to fight to the death. That way, he can justify it to himself when he kills them.

- Liamon Gord (AL LN), a 12th-level mage. He has ST 10, DX 14, CN 9, IN 17, WS 12, CH 13. He possesses a wide range of magical items, many of them captured from pirate vessels the Sentinels have defeated. His favorites are a *wand of lightning bolts*, a *wand of magic missiles* and a *necklace of shooting stars*. He often wears *bracers of defense*, AC 3, and

supplements this with protective spells.

Liamon is the human first mate of the *Swift Justice*, and the Sentinels' battle-mage. In his early 30s, he is young for his considerable magical prowess, and looks even younger. He is slender and delicate-looking, and it frequently surprises people (particularly his opponents) to see a bookish-looking youth on the foredeck of a spelljamming ship, tossing killer spells left and right. His personality is serious and thoughtful, though he is not as dour as Trane. Sometimes he shows flashes of a zany sense of humor, although such moments seem to embarrass him.

- Fleck Pitor (AL N), a 12th-level mage. He has ST 11, DX 12, CN 11, IN 16, WS 9, CH 10. He never wears armor, preferring to protect himself magically, and carries only a *dagger* +1 for personal defense.

Fleck Pitor is a half-elf, and the primary helmsman for the *Swift Justice*. When traveling, Fleck, Liamon, and an assistant helmsman (another half-elf called Zev Tarawa) spell each other off. When combat is imminent, however, Fleck takes the helm, freeing Liamon for his duties as battle-mage. Fleck is about 50, but looks two decades younger—a handsome, smiling man with ginger hair and green eyes. He is always smiling or laughing, telling ludicrous—and sometimes quite offensive—jokes to anyone who will stick around to hear. Most people find him somewhat obnoxious—hence his low CH—but they also have to recognize he has the axiomatic “heart of gold.” He is very intelligent and a skilled mage, but he frequently acts hastily and without consideration of possible consequences (another reason why the captain likes him safely below-decks during a battle).

- “Spike” (AL N), a hadozee warrior (see the SPELLJAMMER® *Monstrous Compendium*). He is bright for a hadozee, with IN 11. Spike (so-called because nobody aboard the *Swift Justice* can pronounce his real name) holds the position of Chief of Marines, in charge of the vessel's boarding forces. Some of these forces are also hadozees, but many are human. These humans have no problem following the orders of a deck ape; if they ever did, his obvi-

“No culture is ever so barbaric as a ‘civilized’ one.”

from a conversation with Samn Rall

Spacefaring Companies

ous skill with weapons and tactics has changed their minds.

Spike wears a simple breastplate with fastenings designed not to interfere with his gliding membranes. This simple armor raises his AC to 5 from its natural 6. He usually fights with a *longsword* +1 in each hand—or in one hand and one foot—and suffers no penalty for using two weapons. Trane saved Spike from a neogi vessel, where the hadozee was scheduled to meet his end in the ship's lifejammer. Since then, the deck ape has been unshakably loyal to his savior.

The Swift Justice

This ship is an Octopus (described on page 37 of the *Ship Recognition Manual* from the *War Captain's Companion* boxed set). It has had its hull plated, improving its Armor Rating to 6, and its rigging "topped out" to counteract the loss of maneuverability from the plating (thus its Maneuverability Class remains D). The enhanced rigging means that 20 crew, not the usual 13, are necessary to run the ship. The *Swift Justice's* normal complement is 65, so this is not an issue. With its two heavy catapults and two heavy ballistae—each with a 360° field of fire—the ship can deliver a punishing blow to any vessel unfortunate enough to come within range.

A further modification to the ship is the addition of a slender, 75-foot-long "bowsprit" to the front of the vessel. At the tip of this is mounted a ram-mine. When this mine strikes another solid object, the collision ignites the mine. The mine has a cup-like metal collar which directs most of the explosion outward and away from the *Swift Justice*. When the ram-mine explodes, it causes 3–18 points of damage to unprotected crew within 70' of the impact point (saving throw applicable) and 2–5 points of Hull Damage to the vessel hit, which must then save versus fire or suffer an additional 1–4 points of fire damage per round. The *Swift Justice* carries no spare ram mines with it, just the one already mounted on the bowsprit. Presumably the Sentinels have replacements at their base—wherever that may be—and the

ship must return there for a replacement (and for repair of the bowsprit).

Oerth and Spelljamming

It is important to stress that most of the inhabitants of Oerth are at least peripherally aware that spelljamming technology exists, and that there are humans and other races sailing the depths of wildspace. This does not mean that spelljamming vessels and spacefarers are common sights on the planet, of course. Most Oerth natives go through their entire lives without seeing even one spelljamming craft or a representative of a race that is not native to the planet. They may know that such things exist, but such knowledge has absolutely no significance to their daily life, and so is unimportant. (As an analogy, the inhabitants of a tiny village in the heartland of India on Earth may know about air and space travel, but this does not mean they will ever see an airliner or a space shuttle, or meet a pilot or astronaut.)

The reason for this is simple: only very limited locations on Oerth are visited regularly by spelljammers. Compared to trade between points on the planet, interplanetary trade is expensive—in money, supplies, and effort—and dangerous. Thus, interplanetary merchants like the Free Traders will only make landfall at places with enough commerce, enough trade goods and enough solid currency to make it worth their while. Only a few cities on Oerth enjoy any significant level of spelljamming trade, and these are discussed in the chapter on Oerth (see page 7).

This means that most inhabitants of Oerth seeing a spelljamming craft for the first time will be fascinated and perhaps intimidated, but not totally flabbergasted.

"Those who sail the seas of space claim there is no faster way to travel. But then, so once did those who sailed the oceans. . ."

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot

Adventuring Ideas

Here are two short adventures that take characters to some of the weird and unusual places in Greyspace. Both can be played in a single evening or afternoon of gaming. They can be thrown into a larger campaign as a plot reliever should the action get too heavy or a bit tiring.

Both of the scenarios below have the capacity to springboard whole campaigns as well. They can even be used as relief at the end of a long campaign, as the characters head back home, or as they travel to a spaceport for supplies and repairs.

Scenario 1

While traveling through the Grinder, the PCs encounter a badly damaged elven Man-o'-war, the *Penultimate*, drifting helplessly through wildspace. One of the ship's "wings" has been torn off, and the hull has been mauled by heavy catapult shots. If the PCs attempt a rescue, they find that most of the elven vessel's crew have been killed. Only four elves still survive: the captain Anadis Starlight, and three of his crew. They have no mage to run the helm: the elf who served as helmsman was killed by the last catapult strike as the vessel tried to escape from its attackers.

Anadis Starlight: 10th-level elven warrior. ST 15, IN 14, WS 12, CN 15, DX 14, CH 15, AL CG. He wears *elven chain mail* +2, and carries a *longsword* +2. He also possesses a *glass of distant vision*.

Crewmen (3): 5th-level elven warriors. AL CG. All wear nonmagical leather armor, and carry long-swords and daggers.

Anadis will tell his tragic tale to the PCs. The *Penultimate* was bringing supplies to a small elven exploratory outpost on a size A planetoid in the Grinder. This outpost had a complement of 35 elves, all skilled warriors (3rd to 7th level warriors), without a ship of its own. The elves receive all their supplies via regular transport like the *Penultimate*. The outpost has three heavy ballistae, mounted on rotating turrets, for self-defense.

While the *Penultimate* was making its delivery, a Hammership hove into view. Without warning or provocation, the vessel began to bombard the outpost with its heavy weapons, apparently preparatory to landing and assaulting directly. The *Penultimate* took off with a minimum crew in an attempt to hold off the attackers. Unfortunately, the Man-o'-war was totally outmatched, and severely damaged before it could inflict any serious hits on the enemy. Realizing that his own death would be meaningless, Anadis tried to disengage and run for help. Before it could get out of the area, however, the ship's helmsman was killed and the vessel incapacitated. Before the Man-o'-war drifted out of vision range, Anadis trained his *glass of distant vision* on the Hammership and observed its crew. They were horgs!

It is important to realize that this is the first time that horgs have ever been reported using weapons or a ship. Presumably, they attacked the Hammership sometime earlier, killed its crew and took over the vessel. Anadis has no idea how horgs—thought to be non-magical—could operate the helm. Anadis begs the PCs for help. Unless another ship can drive off the Hammership, the elven outpost is doomed.

By the time the PCs reach the outpost, 30 horgs have disembarked, and are assaulting the elves on the surface. The Hammership hovers overhead, pounding pockets of resistance with its heavy weapons. There are only 20 surviving elves, and they will soon be overwhelmed.

Hammership: Tonnage 60; HIPTs 60; Crew 24/60; MC D; AR 6; Sa Thick wood; Power Major helm; Arm 2 Hvy Catapults, Hvy Ballista, Blunt Ram; Keel 250'; Beam 25'.

The ship is currently crewed by 25 horgs (see page 95 for stats), most of whom are operating the heavy weapons. On the helm is a human mage named Zebart. The horgs will, of course, attack any vessel that heaves into view, and will fight to the death.

Zebart: 12th-level human mage. ST 10, IN 17, WS 9, CN 9, DX 11, CH 10. He has no weapons or armor, and cannot use spells. He was the helmsman of the

"No job is ever as easy as it sounds."

from a conversation with Alliya Makabuck, Halflings Inc.



Hammership when it was first attacked by the horgs. The creatures killed all the other crewmembers, but intimidated Zebart into running the helm for them. The horgs order the mage about using simple hand gestures.

If the PCs save the outpost they will earn the gratitude of all the elves—and, indirectly, of the Imperial Navy, which commissioned the outpost in the first place.

This attack raises some disturbing questions. First, what motivated the horgs to take over the Hammership? Usually when horgs attack a vessel they kill all the crew and leave the ship drifting, deserted. And second, will there be more incidents like this, with horgs arming themselves with ships and heavy weapons? The prospect does not bear thinking about.

Scenario 2

When on Oerth, the PCs are approached by a human called Verathorn. He wants to commission a ship to take him and about one ton of cargo to a human settlement in the Borka cluster. (The PCs have never heard of a human settlement in Borka, but Verathorn convincingly explains that it is a secret trading outpost commissioned by the Free Traders merchant company.) He offers the crew 6,000 gp for passage, but can be bargained up to 12,000 gp. He offers half up front, the rest to be paid on arrival at the settlement. The cargo is in five large wooden crates. The crates are sealed, and magically warded by *explosive runes* and various *glyphs of warding*. Verathorn claims truthfully that he does not know what the crates contain. If the PCs check out Verathorn's story

"Safety is an illusion."

excerpt from *Reflections on a Hostile Universe*
by Taengelen Elderbower

Adventuring Ideas

using *detect lie* or other magics, they discover that he is telling the truth . . . as he knows it.

Unfortunately, Verathorn does not know the truth of the matter. He was hired to arrange for passage by a coarse-looking man he'd never seen before. Although he had no real reason to trust this stranger, he found himself somehow drawn to him, and they became fast friends. (Verathorn will not volunteer this information, but he will reveal it if specifically questioned.)

In fact, Verathorn and the PCs are all being taken advantage of. The "coarse-looking man" was actually a half-orc mage, who *charmed* the gullible Verathorn into helping him. The half-orc has, for several months, been collecting weapons and other useful equipment that the orcish shipyard in the Borka cluster—the Egg—needs to equip its fleet. When the PCs' vessel reaches its destination—a small asteroid near the center of Borka—they will find the trading outpost to be an orcish military base. The orcs will try to lure the PCs into landing or, if that is impossible, will attack them in space using two fully-crewed and armed Scorpions. Either way, the orcs will kill the PCs and their dupe Verathorn, and take the cargo. (Of course, they will also reclaim the money that Verathorn paid to the PCs from the corpses.)

The crates contain five rudders of maneuverability,

three *spelljamming mines*, 100 charges of smoke powder, and 20 charges of Greek fire. If the PCs escape the ambush, they can keep this equipment or sell it on the open market. Various factions—particularly the Elven Imperial Navy—might pay well for the information that the orcs are up to something in Borka. If the PCs escape, the orcs might try to track them down and kill them before they can tell anyone what they have learned.

Verathorn: 0-level human. ST 11, IN 9, WS 7, CN 11, DX 11, CH 15. He wears no armor, and carries only a dagger (with which he is not proficient) for personal defense. He believes implicitly everything that the half-orc mage told him, and will be highly offended if the PCs accuse him of lying.

Scorpion (x2): Ton 60; HIpts 60; Crew 60; MC C; AR 4; Sa Metal; Power Major Helm; Arm Md Ballista; 2 Hvy Catapults, 2 Ram Claws; Keel 75'; Beam 20'.



New Magical Items

Rudder of Maneuverability

This device looks like a normal rudder that one would find on any terrestrial watercraft. It is highly enchanted, however, radiating a strong aura of evocation magic. It is often mistaken for the *rudder of propulsion* created by the mages of Wa on Toril, but it is a completely different item.

When installed on the stern of a spelljamming vessel it improves the ship's Maneuverability Class by one category. It has no effect on vessels that are already Maneuverability Class A. Unlike the *rudder of propulsion*, the *rudder of maneuverability* will not work on a vessel that does not already have some form of spelljamming propulsion.

A *rudder* saves as hard wood against magical attacks, acid, fire, crushing blows, etc. It is particularly susceptible to electricity-based attacks, however, and suffers a -2 penalty to saving throws against these threats.

Rudders of maneuverability are created by elven mages working in the shipyards of Cenbreâ in the Greela cluster. Originally designed for the ships of the elven Imperial Navy, the mages have been allowed to sell them to elven-crewed vessels. Such a buyer can expect to pay 10,000 gp for the item. Nobody else is allowed to purchase a *rudder* from the Cenbreâ shipyards. The punishment for breaking this rule is severe, sometimes as extreme as death, for both the buyer and the seller. Enterprising individuals might be able to persuade an elven captain to sell his *rudder*, or could try bribing a shipyard worker at Cenbreâ. In either case, the *rudder* will cost at least 25,000 gp—and that does not include the bribe.

Glass of Distant Vision

The *glass* resembles a standard brass telescope about 18" long, and tapering from 3" in diameter at one end to 1" at the other. It weighs about five pounds. The *glass* radiates a very faint aura of magic.

The *glass* seems to be a normal telescope, of

about 8× power. That is, any object viewed through the *glass* seems to be eight times closer than it actually is. When the magic word is spoken, however, the power of the telescope increases to 80×—making an object 80 miles away look as though it were only one mile distant. While the *glass* is operating in this mode, the user can increase its magnification still further by turning a narrow ring that surrounds the eyepiece. Turned all the way counterclockwise, the *glass* has a magnification of 80×—its normal setting. Turned all the way clockwise, however, the *glass* has a magnification of 250×. Repeating the same trigger word will return the *glass* to non-magical operation. Each *glass* has its own trigger word.

At extreme magnification, any telescope has a very small field of view, and it is extremely difficult to keep steady. The *glass of distant vision* counteracts this problem. It seems to be magically stabilized in some way, so that it will remain trained on a particular target until the viewer actively decides to move it. This stabilization does not work when the *glass* is in 8-mode.

The *glass of distant vision* is based on magical technology developed by the silver dragons of Skyhaven on Edill. The devices were actually constructed by a human mage named Revorian, however, since the dragons had no desire to put their theoretical breakthrough into practice. Before his untimely death, Revorian constructed perhaps two dozen of these devices. Currently, nobody knows how to recreate his work.

A *glass of distant vision* costs at least 5,000 gp on the open market—if the buyer can find someone willing to sell—and often much more.

Spelljamming Mine

This is a techno-magical creation, a sphere of brass about one foot in diameter and weighing 55 pounds—about the right size to be fired from a typical heavy catapult. It radiates an aura of evocation magic.

The *spelljamming mine* is a combination of me-

"Many people take to space, fleeing from some unbearable experience, condition or situation. Only the wisest eventually realize that what they are really trying to flee from is themselves."

excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden



chanical engineering and magery. It is actually a sophisticated form of homing weapon, with a large explosive charge of smoke powder within it. It is enchanted in such a way that it will detect the presence of a spelljamming helm within 1,000 feet, and will move toward the helm's "energy signature" at a speed of 3,000 yards per round—the same speed as a ship with SR 6 traveling at tactical speed. The *mine* has Maneuverability Class A. When it strikes the ship it is pursuing, the smoke powder charge detonates. This inflicts 3–18 points of damage to unprotected crew within 70' of the impact point (saving throw applicable) and 2–5 points of Hull Damage to the vessel hit, which must then save versus Fire or suffer an additional 1–4 points of fire damage per round. A *spelljamming mine* can only move for a total of four rounds. If it has not yet reached its target within that time, it detonates.

Before it can be used, a *spelljamming mine* must be armed. This is done by pressing a series of tiny studs on the *mine's* outer surface in a particular sequence. The device has a kind of "anti-tamper" system, in that if the wrong arming code is entered three times in a row, the *mine* detonates then and there. So complex is the code that even a character who *knows* it has a chance of making a mistake. To successfully enter the code, the character must roll equal to or less than his Intelligence on 3d6. After the *mine* is successfully armed, it remains dormant for 2d8 rounds—hopefully long enough for the users to catapult it off their vessel and get more than 1,000 feet away. At the end of this dormancy period, it becomes active, and homes in on the first spelljamming vessel to approach it. Obviously, because of the variability of the dormancy period and the unpredictability of space combat, a *spelljamming mine* is a dangerous

"The only true constants in the universe are the laws of magic."

excerpt from *Memoirs of a Far-Ranger*
by Justin Moot

New Magical Items

weapon to use in ship-to-ship dogfights.

Nobody knows exactly who created the *spelljamming mines*, although many people suspect the arcane. It is rumored that the humanoids of Borka have emplaced a number of *mines* around their space-dock called "the Egg"—leaving a safe channel open for their own ships, of course—as an unpleasant surprise for unwelcome visitors. This has yet to be confirmed or disproven, however.

The arcane will sometimes sell *spelljamming mines* for the princely sum of 10,000 gp each. However, not all arcane have access to these items, or are willing to sell them. Sometimes *mines* can be picked up on the "open market," but then there is always a risk: is the arming code actually what the seller claims it is?

Sargasso Detector

Another item based on breakthroughs by the silver dragons of Edill, this device allows spelljammers to avoid the dangerous sargassos—magic-free zones—that can be found in many crystal spheres. It is a complex device: a base of fine mahogany on which are set two circular bands of gold. These bands stand on edge on the mahogany base, intersecting each other at 90°. The bands are 10" in diameter, 1" wide

and 1/2" thick. Around their circumferences are graven tiny magical runes of great complexity. The base on which they stand is rectangular: 1' long by 1' wide, and 2" thick. At each corner of the base, set vertically, is a thin spindle of a silver-gold alloy, about 1/4" thick and 12" long. Hanging within the intersecting bands, from the upper point where they meet, is a needle of platinum, suspended horizontally by a single human hair attached to its midpoint. The whole device weights about 10 pounds.

The *detector* can sense the presence of a sargasso at a range of one million miles. When it is within this range, the four alloy spindles vibrate rapidly, causing a soft, high-pitched hum. The suspended needle then rotates so it is pointing toward the sargasso.

The *detector* gives no indication of the range to the sargasso. Neither the volume nor the pitch of the humming varies with distance. If the ship is heading directly toward the sargasso, then the needle points directly toward the vessel's bow. If the ship is moving laterally relative to the sargasso, however, the needle will move to remain pointing directly at it. From the speed with which the needle is moving and the speed of the vessel, it is possible to calculate the distance to the sargasso.

The first *sargasso detector* was created one hundred years ago by the elven mage Thalia, after a protracted visit with the Edill silver dragons. Since then,



New Magical Items

many other mages throughout the universe have learned how to replicate her cunning creation. Nevertheless, the demand for these items is much greater than the supply. The smallest price a *detector* would fetch on the open market is 10,000 gp, but depending on circumstances the price can be much higher.

Cones of Communication

Each *cone* is a simple, solid cone of an unknown white material that is as cold and hard as stone, but much lighter. It is 4" in diameter at the base, and 6" high. Each *cone* weighs less than one pound.

Cones of communication are always purchased and used in pairs. Each *cone* is matched with only one other cone, and will work with no other. If someone speaks into the base of one *cone*, his voice sounds clearly, and at the same volume, from the base of the matched *cone*. In fact, the *cones* will communicate not only voices, but any sound that originates from a point no more than 12" from the base of one of the *cones*.

A pair of *cones* has a maximum range of 1d12 thousand miles. (The range is apparently characteristic of the particular pair, and unchangeable by any means.) Within that range, two people each possessing one of the pair can speak to each other normally, with no decrease in volume and no measurable time delay. As soon as the range is exceeded, both *cones* become totally inert and nonmagical until they come back within operating range again. When the two *cones* are in range of each other, both radiate an aura of evocation. When they are out of range, they appear totally nonmagical to all forms of analyses. Apart from moving out of range or placing both halves of the pair in soundproof containers, there is no way of turning them off.

Obviously, *cones of communication* are very useful to spelljamming captains who have to coordinate the actions of multiple vessels. Since sound does not cross the vacuum of wildspace between two distant vessels, captains have to resort to flags, pennants or

other devices to communicate. With a pair of *cones*, the captains of two vessels can discuss their options and coordinate planes as if they were both on the same bridge. Some military analysts claim that some of the greatest elven fleet victories in the first Unhuman War were because the fleet commander had one pair of *cones* for each of his important vessels. He gave one half of each pair to one of his subordinate captains, and kept the other half of each pair on his own bridge. By selecting the right *cones* he could issue changes in orders to any captain, or receive reports. (Obviously, in such a case it is important to mark the *cones* in some noticeable way to tell them apart.

The first pair of *cones* was used in Greyspace several centuries ago. A spelljamming mage named Naxtys claimed that she had created them, and used that claim to bolster her reputation. It was not long before other mages decided that Naxtys was simply not competent enough to come up with something so new. When pressed by her magical colleagues, she finally admitted that she had found the first pair, stored in a protective case of obsidian, floating in wildspace somewhere in the Grinder. Almost immediately, mages more competent than Naxtys could ever hope to be created more pairs of *cones*.

To this day, nobody knows who created the first *cones*. Certain wild-eyed fantasists claim they were created by an ancient race of powerful mages that lived on the planet that was eventually shattered to become the Grinder, and that is why Naxtys found them floating there. Most people consider this absolute garbage, of course.

As with so many magical items, the price for a pair of *cones of communication* is whatever the market will bear. The lowest recorded price paid for a pair was 11,000 gp, and each year the *highest* price paid reaches more rarified heights.

"Nothing in the universe is quite so mutable as magic."

excerpt from *Remembrances*
by Samn Rall

Religion in Greyspace

As in other crystal spheres, the clerics and specialty priests of the Greyspace deities need not fear loss of contact with their gods as they travel further from Oerth—as long as they remain within wildspace, of course. As soon as they pass through the crystal sphere into the Flow, direct contact with the gods is lost. In the Phlogiston, clerics can regain only 1st through 3rd level spells, and cannot communicate with their deities via any kind of spell.

Within the Greyspace crystal sphere, distance from Oerth can affect the *nature* of contact between deities and clerics, however. While the contact is never completely severed, it can weaken dramatically. This is particularly true in the case of deities whose sphere of influence is tightly linked with Oerth.

Boccob

(The Uncaring)

Greater Deity of Arcane Knowledge

Specialty priests of Boccob lose their limited sage ability when they pass outside the orbit of the Grinder. They can still gain spells of all levels throughout Greyspace, however, and all their spells operate normally. Once a cleric of Boccob passes into the Flow, however, he or she cannot regain spells. The priest *can* cast certain spells that were bestowed *before* the passage into the Flow, however. Only spells directly connected with the gathering of knowledge work this way; all other spells are lost, and must be regained when the priest re-enters wildspace.

Celestian

(The Star Wanderer)

Lesser Deity of Space

Once clerics of Celestian have left the atmosphere of Oerth, they find that certain spells—those associated with movement and travel—work as though the casters were one level higher than their actual level. The unique spell *meteors* operates as though the caster were *two* levels higher in wildspace or on any planet other than Oerth within Greyspace.

Worship of Celestian is widespread throughout the crystal sphere—predictable, considering the god's sphere of influence. Even demihumans and some humanoids with their own racial deities worship Celestian alongside their normal pantheon.

Priests of Celestian who pray for spells before

passing into the Flow frequently receive one additional spell at the highest level they are capable of using. This spell is lost if the cleric changes his mind and does not leave the crystal sphere after all. In the Flow, these priests can cast the spells they already possess, but cannot regain new spells of 4th or higher level.

St. Cuthbert

Lesser Deity of Common Sense

St. Cuthbert is one of those deities closely associated with Oerth. In fact, he seems to draw much of his power from the planet itself, and its ecological “web of life.” Outside Oerth's atmosphere envelope, clerics cannot regain spells of 6th level or higher, and specialty priests lose their unique spell, *beguiling*. Clerics of St. Cuthbert lose all spells they possess when they pass into the Flow, and cannot regain *any* spells whatsoever until they re-enter Greyspace.

Because of these restrictions, worship of St. Cuthbert is not common except on Oerth. Some of his priests, particularly the Stars, travel into space to attempt to spread the “true way” to the “heathens,” but these missionary voyages rarely gain many converts. Devoted followers of St. Cuthbert are generally disapproving of spelljamming in general, considering it “profane.” (After all, does not the decrease in clerical power reflect St. Cuthbert's disdain for interplanetary travel?) The followers of Pholtus, who are quite common on the other worlds of Greyspace, gleefully point at St. Cuthbert's lack of influence in wildspace, and claim it shows an inherent weakness of the deity.

Ehlonna

(Ehlonna of the Forests)

Lesser Deity of Forests

Most of Ehlonna's worshippers are on Oerth, and rarely travel into wildspace. She has a pocket of worshippers among the humans of Greela, and even some of the elves living in this cluster world revere her almost as much as their own pantheon.

Clerics of Ehlonna find that their spells function as though they were two levels lower than their actual level when in wildspace or on any world that does not have rich forests. On forested worlds, their spells work normally. The unique spell *stalk* will function only on worlds with forests of significant size. Clerics lose all their spells when they pass into the Flow. They *can* regain spells of 1st through 3rd level while in the phlogiston, however. (Thus, it seems that the

Religion in Greyspace

traverse through the boundary of the crystal sphere, and not the Flow itself, is what strips away their spells.)

Fharlanghn

(Dweller on the Far Horizon)

Lesser Deity of Horizons and Travel

According to a number of various myths, Celestian and Fharlanghn are brothers. Millennia ago, they parted. Celestian was drawn to the trackless wilds of space, while his brother chose to remain on Oerth. This decision by Fharlanghn greatly affects his clerics. Once they pass beyond Oerth's atmosphere, most of their spells work as though they were one level lower than their actual level. The only exceptions are spells that deal directly with travel and distance; these work normally. Clerics find it much more difficult to regain spells of 5th or higher level once they have left Oerth. They can do so, but they must pray for 1½ times as long as they would have to on Oerth. Outside Oerth's atmosphere, specialty priests immediately lose the unique spell *footsore*. Clerics of Fharlanghn lose all spells of 4th level or higher on passing into the Flow, and cannot regain those spells.

Worship of Fharlanghn is not common throughout Greyspace. Some of the humans living on the asteroids of Greela revere him, but not many.

Incabulos

Major Deity of Evil

Clerics of this manifestation of evil find that their spells do not work as well in wildspace, functioning as though the cleric were two levels lower than his actual level. The only exceptions are cold-based spells, which work as normal. Nobody knows exactly why this is, though some theologians suspect it is because there is no night in space, and Incabulos is a

creature of the darkness. On any planet that has a normal night-day cycle, however, clerics of Incabulos suffer no penalties. In areas symbolic of destruction, such as the Grinder and Borka, Incabulos's specialty priests gain one additional spell of the highest level to which they are entitled. On passing into the Flow, clerics of Incabulos lose all their spells, and cannot regain them until they return to Greyspace.

Worship of Incabulos is not common in Greyspace, although some of the Borka humanoids revere him alongside their own deities. Rumors have started to spread throughout the settlements of the Grinder that the dreaded horgs are actually creatures of Incabulos. Even though this is not true, some people are starting to worship Incabulos in secret, in the hopes that he will protect his "faithful" from the horg scourge.

Istus

(Lady of Our Fate)

Major Deity of Destiny

As on Oerth, Istus has few true followers in Greyspace. Many turn to her in time of need, however, offering her sacrifices when they are about to embark on a dangerous undertaking. The largest concentration of true worshippers can be found in the nation of Liressian on the crescent-world of Ginsel. The capitol city of Liressian has two separate churches dedicated to the Lady of Our Fate, small, quiet places with many gauze curtains and the scent of incense hanging in the air. Whether the captains of spelljamming vessels revere Istus or not, few ships depart from Liressian without first being blessed by a specialty priest of the goddess.

Clerics and specialty priests of Istus suffer no diminishment of their power throughout the sphere of Greyspace. They do not lose their spells when they pass into the Flow, but neither can they regain spells of 4th or higher level.

"If the gods truly knew everything, as some priests claim,
how could they endure the sorrow?"

excerpt from *Directions*
by Lukaas Benden

Religion in Greyspace

luz

(The Old)

Demi-god of Wickedness

luz the Old is another deity who is tightly bound to the world of Oerth. Once beyond the atmosphere of Oerth, all his clerics and specialty priests cast spells as though they were two levels lower than their actual level. They lose all spells when they pass out of Greyspace, and can regain no spells of 3rd level or higher in the Flow.

Regardless of these limitations, there are a disturbing number who revere luz throughout the crystal sphere. Many humanoids on Borka worship him alongside their own deities. Some people claim that the Black Company pirates worship luz at their secret base, wherever that may be, and dedicate the souls of those they kill to his greater glory. The majority of spacefarers think that this is just propaganda, however, designed to harden ship's crews against surrendering to the Black Company.

Nerull

(The Reaper)

Major Deity of Death

On Oerth, services to Nerull are hideous events, glorifying death, darkness and destruction. Elsewhere throughout Greyspace, however, his worship takes a different aspect. In various locales, such as in several human settlements within The Grinder, homage is paid to Nerull to *prevent* death, and to protect his worshippers. These worshippers believe that, if they suitably revere the Reaper, he will protect them from enemies such as the horgs. This amuses Nerull greatly, of course, but does these uncertain worshippers little good.

Clerics of Nerull suffer no diminishment of their powers throughout Greyspace. They retain their

spells when they pass into the Flow, but can regain only spells of 1st through 3rd level while outside Greyspace.

Pholtus

(Pholtus Of the Blinding Light)

Lesser Deity of Light

Pholtus is revered widely throughout the whole of Greyspace. His priests have established small "travelers' chapels" in most human settlements, and many spacefarers at least go through the motions of revering him.

His clerics and specialty priests suffer no diminishment of their powers, as long as they stay within the orbit of the Spectre. Further from Oerth than this, they cast all spells as though they were one level lower than their actual level. Apparently this is because of the distance from the source of light, Liga. When a cleric of Pholtus passes out of Greyspace, he or she immediately loses all spells of 5th level and higher, and can regain only those spells of 1st through 3rd level while in the Flow.

Ralishaz

(The Unlooked For)

Lesser Deity of Randomness

Ralishaz's power seems somehow coupled with chaotic environments. With its unpredictable weather patterns, Oerth (and every other world, for that matter) qualifies. Within the atmosphere of any world of Greyspace, clerics of Ralishaz cast and receive their spells normally. In particularly chaotic environments—for example, within the Grinder, Borka and Greela—they cast spells as if they were one level *higher* than their actual level. Within the Grinder, a cleric of Ralishaz who prays for spells also receives an additional spell of the highest level to

"If the deities did not exist, we would have no choice
but to create them."

excerpt from *Remembrances*
by Samn Rall

which he is entitled. Wildspace itself is a highly ordered environment, however, and therefore in conflict with Ralishaz's nature. To reflect this, while actually in wildspace, all clerics of Ralishaz cast spells as if they were one level lower than their actual level. Because of the randomness of the Flow, clerics of Ralishaz do not lose their spells when they pass outside the crystal sphere. They can, however, regain only those spells of 1st through 3rd level while outside Greyspace.

As on Oerth, there are few true worshippers of Ralishaz throughout Greyspace. There is a small shrine to the deity on Ceres in the Grinder. Very few people patronize the place, however.

Ulaa

Major Deity of Mountains

Ulaa's power is bound up with mountains, and with large quantities of native rock. On any earth world within Greyspace, clerics of Ulaa cast and regain spells as normal. In wildspace, they cast spells as though they were one level lower than their true level, and within the atmospheres of air worlds, they cast spells as though they were two levels lower. They lose all spells when they leave Greyspace, although they can regain 1st through 3rd level spells within the Flow.

Ulaa is widely revered by miners and prospectors, and by those whose livelihood depends on trading in ore and gems. This is true regardless of race. Most trading outposts have at least a small shrine to Ulaa, usually in a natural cave or an excavated cavern. The dwarven miners on the Spectre worship Ulaa on an equal footing with their own chief deity, Dumathoin, "Keeper of Secrets Under the Mountain."

Nonhuman Deities

Rais
(Quicksilver)

Lesser Deity of Intellect and Silver Dragonkind

Rais (pronounced "Rye-ees") is a draconic deity, with Numbers, Thought, and Time as her major spheres of influence. When she manifests herself on



the Prime Material Plane, she resembles a silver dragon of surpassing beauty and grace. She possesses all the powers common to lesser deities.

Rais is worshipped by the silver dragons of Edill, but by no other creatures in Greyspace. The silver dragons worship their deity in their hearts and minds, eschewing organized services and structures like churches or shrines. Certain sages from Oerth believe that Rais is capable of bestowing clerical spells upon certain dragons who request them. It is not in the nature of the Edill silvers to ever make such requests, however, and so this is a moot point. These sages believe that, were such spells to be bestowed, the dragon priests would be able to use them throughout Greyspace without any diminishing of their powers, but would lose their spells and be unable to regain them should they leave the crystal sphere.

"The higher one climbs, the farther one can see."

excerpt from *Songs of the Wanderer*
an anonymous collection of tales and poetry

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The Grinder
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	War-bands
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (10)
TREASURE:	Individual: J, K, L, M, (B)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
NO. APPEARING:	3-18
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	6, Fl 18 (B), also in a vacuum
HIT DICE:	4+4
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8/2-20/2-20
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poison
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	5%
SIZE:	M (7')
MORALE:	Fanatic (18)
XP VALUE:	1,600

Horgs are strange sentient lifeforms perfectly adapted for life in the asteroid belt of the Grinder. At a distance, they look like winged humanoids, standing about 7' tall. Their long, membranous wings, with a maximum span of about 12', replace their arms; each is tipped with a single, scimitar-like claw more than a foot long and scalpel-sharp. Their torsos are longer than a human's, while their muscular legs, tipped with three-taloned feet, are shorter.

On closer inspection, they have obviously evolved along lines very different from humanoids. They have seven eyes, arranged in a ring around their heads. These eyes are a pus-like yellow-white with no discernible pupils. Because of the arrangement of the eyes, it is impossible to sneak up on a horg's blind side. Although the rest of the body is bilaterally symmetrical, the bulbous head is asymmetrical, with no obvious analogues of ears or nostrils. The creature has a circular, tooth-filled mouth that opens like the iris of a camera, positioned on the top of its head. Its back is flexible enough that it can lash forward with its upper body and bite a creature standing in front of it or behind it.

They are unrelieved black in color, with a dry, dusty texture. They have no hair or scales, just dry, flexible skin. Vital areas of their bodies—their chests, backs and groins—are protected by built-up layers of skin, almost like rock-hard calluses. They have no evident or overt genitalia.

Horgs can walk clumsily on their hind legs. They are much more comfortable in the air, or flying through the vacuum of wildspace. When they fly, they beat their wings like a bat—even in space, where there is no air for their wings to act upon. They are highly maneuverable. The positioning of their mouth indicates that they evolved to feed on the wing, when



their mouth will be pointing forward. Presumably there is some organ in the horg body that allows them to "fly" in a vacuum. For reasons discussed later, this organ has never been investigated.

Horgs have no spoken language. In fact, they seem to have no sound-producing organs at all. The only sound they ever make is the dry rustling of their wing membranes when they fly.

Combat: Horgs are born warriors. Even a newborn horg can shred any but the best human fighter. They attack by biting and by clawing with the long, curved talons on their wingtips. Although the claws on their feet look threatening, they never seem to use them in combat. The creatures secrete a highly corrosive, poisonous liquid from their teeth and from pores at the tips of their wing talons. Any creature wounded by either teeth or claw suffers the toxic effects of this liquid. Each round after the successful hit, the victim suffers 2d10 hit points of damage (save vs. poison for half-damage). This damage continues for 10 rounds, or until the victim dies. Note that this damage is cumulative from attack to attack.

What makes the creatures even more lethal is their ability to phase in and out of the Prime Material Plane like phase spiders. They can phase in, attack, and phase out, all in a single round. This gives them a -3 modifier on initiative roll. If the horgs win the initiative roll by more than 4 points, they attack and phase out before their opponents get a chance to strike back. Also, horgs frequently phase in behind their opponents so they get the +4 modifier for attacking from behind. On the Ethereal Plane, horgs get only a -1 modifier on initiative and can be attacked every

round, regardless of the initiative result. Although horgs can flee to the Ethereal Plane when out-matched, they rarely do so.

Horgs seem to have an innate understanding of small-unit tactics. Even though they never seem to communicate with one another, they always coordinate their actions perfectly. They never seem to attack a group too powerful for them to overcome. If they misjudge the situation, however, and thereby suffer some unpredictable setback or see their foes reinforced, they rarely retreat from combat. It is almost as if conceding the combat to their foes is unacceptable in their eyes—even more unacceptable than death from combat.

When a horg is killed, its body immediately phases out and vanishes from the Prime Material Plane. (This is why so little is known about horg physiology—no corpse has ever been available for study.) Normally, when a horg phases out it can be pursued by someone with access to the Elemental Plane. On the creature's death, however, it phases to another plane—not the Elemental Plane. Nobody has been able to determine what plane this is. (This final phase-out has led some sages to suspect that horgs are not native to the Prime Material Plane or the Elemental Plane, and that, on death, their bodies return to their plane of origin.)

No horg has ever been captured. Normal attempts at confinement do not work because the creatures can phase out and escape on the Elemental Plane. If a horg is somehow successfully confined, however, it invariably commits suicide by apparently just by willing itself to die—and its body phases out and vanishes.

Horgs are totally resistant to mind-altering magics of all kinds. They are highly resistant to cold-based and electricity-based spells, receiving a +3 bonus to their saving throws against these attacks. Even though there is some suspicion they are extra-planar creatures, they are unaffected by *(un)holy words* and other banishing magics.

Habitat/Society: Effectively nothing is known about the society or habitat of horgs. They have never been observed except when they choose to attack a ship or asteroid settlement. Nobody knows where they live between such attacks. Perhaps they dwell on the Elemental Plane or some other, or within one of the asteroids of The Grinder, but these are just guesses.

Horgs do not seem to be sexually differentiated. This could mean several things. Perhaps the race has no sexual differentiation (raising questions about just what their reproductive cycle is like); or perhaps the differences between sexes, whether two or more, is simply not obvious to the casual observer; or perhaps only one sex participates in their attacks. No immature horg has ever been spotted.

No horg has ever been seen to use a tool or weapon. This could be by choice, or because the creatures, although evidently intelligent, have no tendency to create or use tools.

The preceding paragraphs describe what is *not* known about horgs. What *is* known is all too little.

They are highly aggressive, attacking without provocation or warning. Attempts to correlate the frequency of attacks with a particular region of space, or perhaps with proximity to a particular asteroid, have all failed. No spacefaring race has escaped the predations of the horgs. While all races hate and fear them, the neogi hate them the most—probably because the horgs are even more evil and rapacious than they are!

Ecology: Nobody knows what the horgs eat, or even if they eat at all. When they kill foes in combat, they do not eat the bodies nor carry the corpses off with them. If they have any natural enemies that prey upon them, these predators have never been detected. With the current level of knowledge, it appears that horgs lie outside the normal food chain and ecology of Grey-space.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The skies of Gnibile
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	N/A
INTELLIGENCE:	Non-(0)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	N/A
MOVEMENT:	Fl 12 (D)
HIT DICE:	12
THACO:	N/A
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Negative planar energy
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Can only be harmed by magic
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	15%
SIZE:	G (100' diameter)
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	8,000

The porton is a strange creature unique to the world of Gnibile. It appears as a shimmering disk, definitely insubstantial and not truly visible in and of itself. When one looks at a porton, one sees not the creature but a strange distortion of the air, rather like the shimmering that can be seen over a fire or something very hot. This shimmering region is about 100' in diameter and 8' to 10' in thickness. Because it does not reflect light at all, but only refract it in some strange way, it is almost totally invisible at night. The disk-like creatures—if creatures they truly are—float slowly through the skies of Gnibile at a speed of about 3; they can achieve a maximum speed of 12, but will not do so without a good reason. They always remain horizontal—that is, perpendicular to the direction toward Gnibile's center—and can be encountered at any altitude within the air world.

There are many sages who claim that the portons are not really creatures as such. Instead, these sages claim, they are actually gates to the plane of negative energy that show some aspects of awareness.

Combat: Portons cannot be struck by any physical form of attack. They are effectively immaterial, and so can only be harmed by magic. Magical attacks against portons must be direct; in other words, the magic must pour damaging energy into the creatures. They cannot be harmed by any physical manifestation of a spell; thus *ice storm* and other spells that cause their damage through some physical manifestation do them no damage. Energy spells, like *lightning bolt*, *fireball*, *magic missile*, etc. do harm them, as long as these dweomers can overcome the creatures' innate magical resistance. Portons are totally immune to all mind-affecting and death magic, and to poison. *Slow*, *haste*, and similar spells are also totally ineffective. Since portons have no normal senses, *darkness*, *blindness*, *silence*, etc. are useless against them.

Portons can channel negative planar energy into themselves, and emit it in tight beams that resembling lightning bolts of impenetrable darkness. A porton can emit two such bolts per round, to a range of 250 yards. These bolts always strike their targets, and inflict 20d6 hit points of damage or 2d6 Hull Points (in both cases, save vs. breath weapon for half damage). Porton senses seem unable to detect any object of less than size H, so most adventurers do not have to



worry about their attacks. (Spelljamming vessels are another story entirely.) Any creature or object that touches a porton is instantly *gated* to a randomly-selected negative quasi-elemental plane, with potentially dire consequences. The porton has no conscious control over this, and therefore cannot waive the effect even should it wish to. If it wants to avoid *gating* something away, all it can do is avoid touching it. It is suspected that several of the spelljamming ships lost in the atmosphere of Gnibile probably ran in to portons and ended up elsewhere.

Portons have no real sense of self-preservation. Even if they are attacked by a foe that could conceivably destroy them, they will continue with whatever they were doing when the attack started. Their only concession to their foe is to blast it with negative planar energy.

Habitat/Society: Portons are solitary creatures. Occasionally two portons will encounter each other, but they never acknowledge the meeting in any way. If the creatures communicate between themselves, it is via some channel that cannot be detected by physics or magic. There have never been any reports of portons dying from old age or natural causes; similarly, no one has ever reported spotting an immature porton. If they have any reproductive cycle at all, it remains a total mystery.

There does seem to be some vague connection between the portons and the more powerful undead inhabiting Gnibile. In the vicinity of the most powerful undead, portons are *rare*, rather than *very rare*. Also, there is ambiguous evidence that some of the undead, such as Samanda, the Lich-Queen of Deathwatch, can somehow order the portons around, and expect them to follow simple instructions.

Ecology: Portons seem to draw all the energy they need from the various negative quasi-elemental planes. They do not eat anything and for obvious reasons, nothing preys upon them. They are thus totally outside the food chain.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The skies of Edill
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Herd
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-12 or see below
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	3, Fl 25 C
HIT DICE:	9
THACO:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-24/2-20
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	None
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	G (65')
MORALE:	Unreliable (4)
XP VALUE:	6,500

Skykine are huge creatures native to the air world of Edill. They resemble broad-bodied dragons with short, thick necks. Skykine have four legs like a dragon, but they are short and apparently atrophied. Their wings, too, appear much too small and weak to support such a large creature. (In fact, their wings are used only for steering. In their body cavity is a strange organ that allows them to levitate and fly through the skies of Edill. They cannot, of course, leave the atmospheric envelope.)

At the end of a short neck, the skykine's head is broad and flat, with a long snout like an alligator's. The creature's forehead is sharply sloping, indicating that it has no space for a large brain—an explanation for its low intelligence. Its eyes are large and spherical, protruding well out of its skull. This gives it 360° vision in the plane of its body, but only 180° vertically (in other words, it has a blind spot below its own body).

Skykine have rough yet supple skin, very much like that of a shark. They range in color from off-white to blue-grey—perfect colors to let them blend in with the skies of their air world home.

Combat: Skykine attack with a bite, and with a tail smash. Their bodies are thick and not overly flexible, which means they can only bite foes in front of them and tail-smash creatures behind them. The creatures are large enough that their attacks can damage a spelljamming vessel, with 10 hit points equating to 1 Hull Point of damage. In addition, against any creature of size H or larger, they can charge and ram. A successful ram inflicts 10d12 hit points, or 1d12 Hull Points of damage.

Although predators, skykine never attack anything larger than half their own size unless they are attacked first. Even then, the large creatures prefer to



flee, giving barking, bellowing cries of warning to others of their kind. If they are harried to the point where they believe escape is impossible, they will turn and attack.

Habitat/Society: Skykine travel in small herds, often (65%) but not always based on family groupings. If a family herd is encountered, there will be one mature male and 1d3 mature females, plus 2d4 juveniles. Mature males and females have the same statistics, and the sexes are indistinguishable except to another skykine. Juveniles range from 10% to 60% of the size of an adult; their hit points and damage inflicted have the same ratio. All juveniles, regardless of size and age, have AC 6 and THACO 11.

In a family herd, if a female is attacked or threatened, the male will fight ferociously to defend her . . . until he is reduced to half hit points, at which time his instincts of self-preservation will take over and he will flee. If the juveniles are attacked, the male will respond in the same way; the female(s), however, will fight to the death to defend their young.

Ecology: Skykine feed on other airborne lifeforms, but nothing bigger than about 30' in length, of course. In turn, the skykine are the favored prey of Edill's dragon population. The dragons consider them to be harmless food animals. Of course, "harmless" means very different things to a 150'-long dragon and a human spacefarer!

The big creatures are thought to live for 20 years or so, landing on an orbiting earth body only long enough to bear their live young.



GREYSPACE

by Nigel Findley

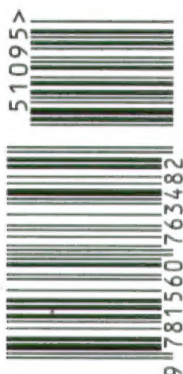
Although Oerth is the dominant world in Greyspace, it is definitely not the only cradle of life in this system. Worlds such as Kule, Borka, and Edill have their own civilizations. Each has its own secrets to entice and threaten explorers courageous enough to brave the perils of Wildspace.

This book details the dragons of Edill, the undead of Gnibile, the humanoids of Borka, and many others. It describes their societies, their views of the universe around them, and their relationships to the other inhabitants of the Greyspace system.

But the planetary denizens of Greyspace are not the only challenges

awaiting brave adventurers! There are also spacefaring companies and star-born peddlers, adventuring groups, explorers' societies, and interplanetary pirates. In addition, the crystal sphere is home to monsters totally unlike those encountered anywhere else: the porton, the skykine, and the dreaded horg.

Greyspace is a 96-page accessory for the SPELLJAMMER® campaign setting. The SPELLJAMMER boxed set is needed to use this product. The material in this accessory will enhance any GREYHAWK® campaign in which the concept of spelljamming has been (or is about to be!) introduced. Your players are in for new excitement!



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POB 756
Lake Geneva
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U.S.A.



TSR Ltd.
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United Kingdom

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